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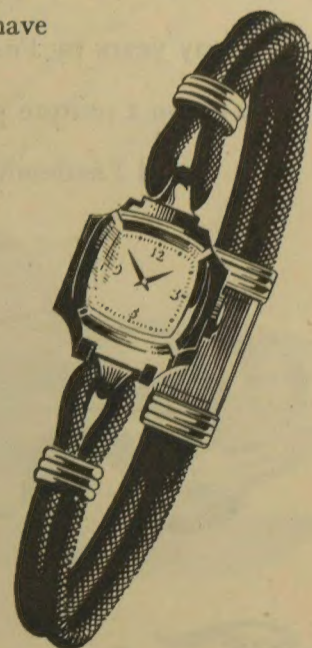
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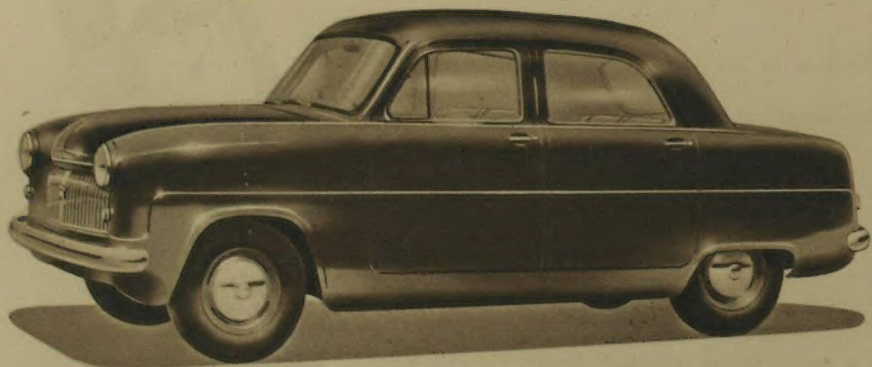
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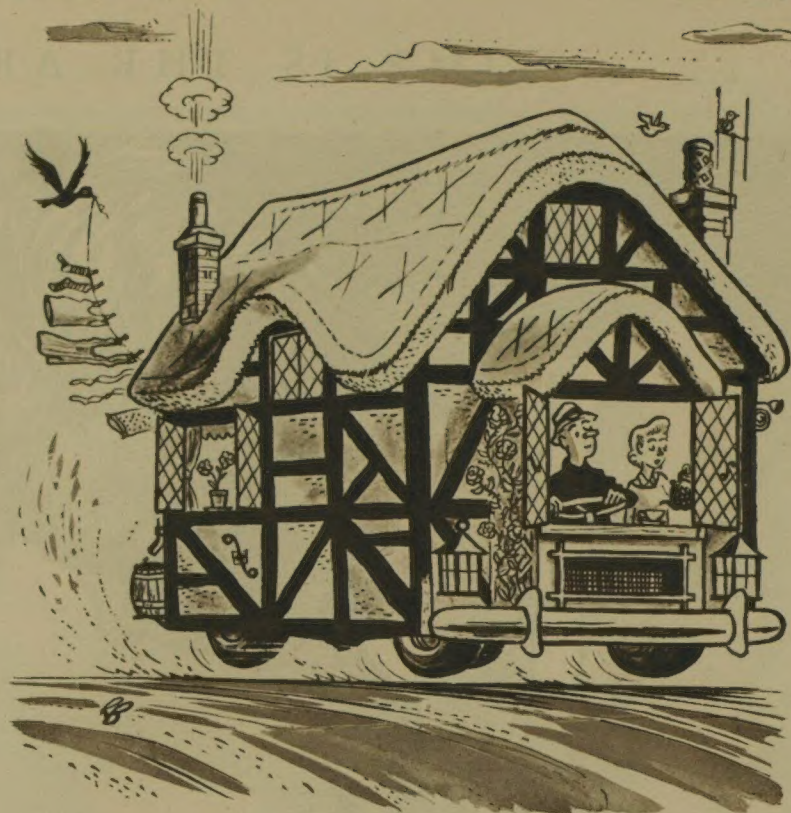
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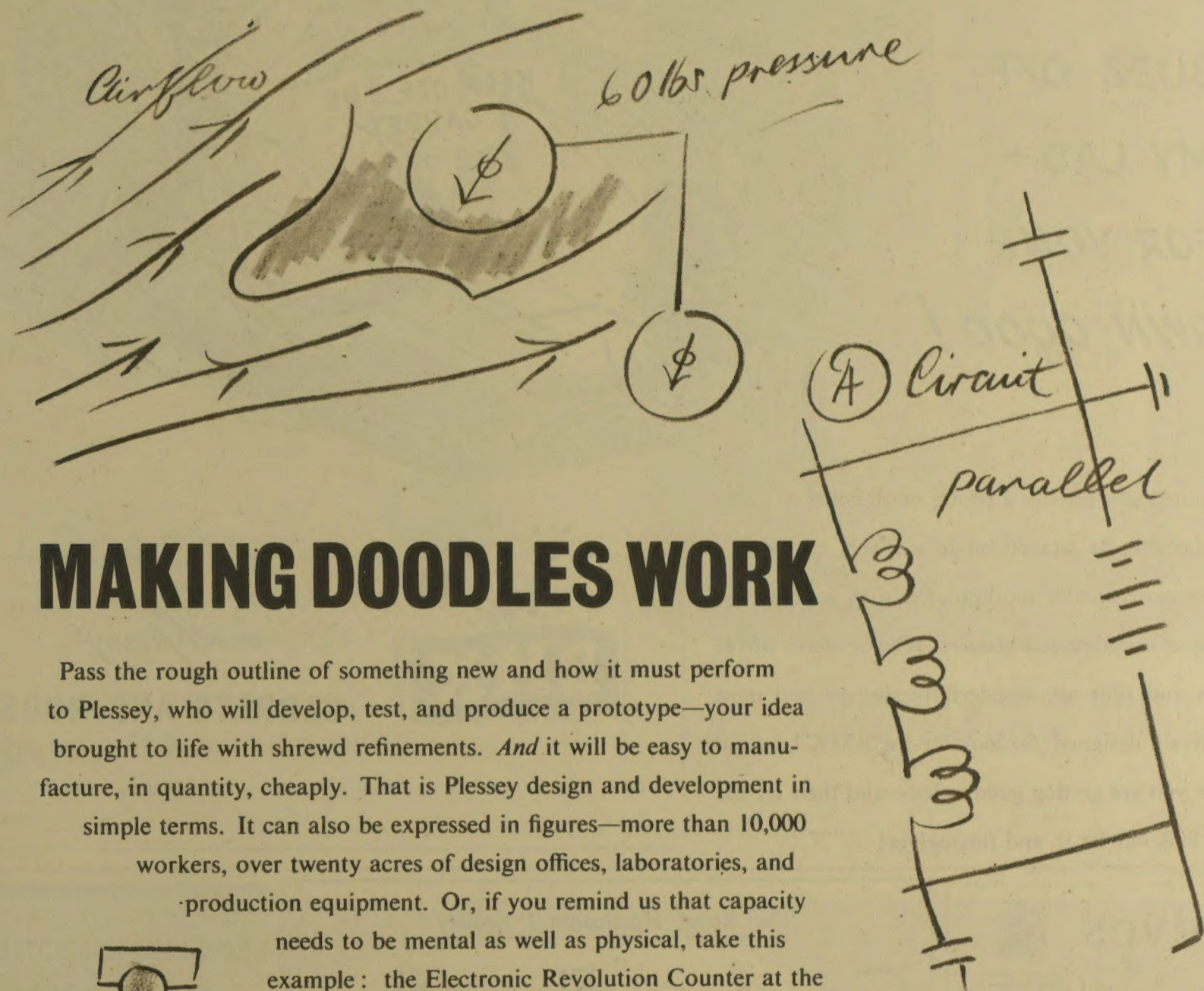
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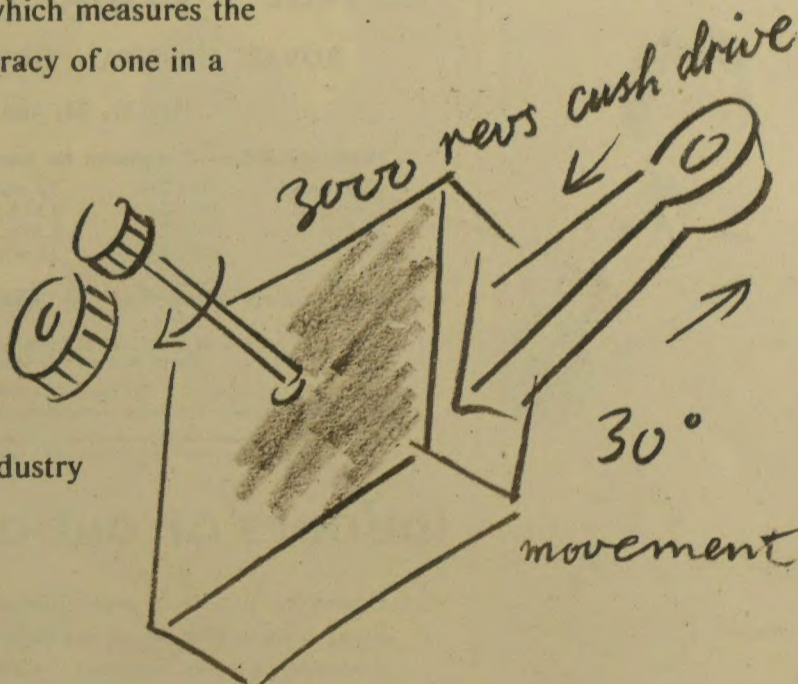
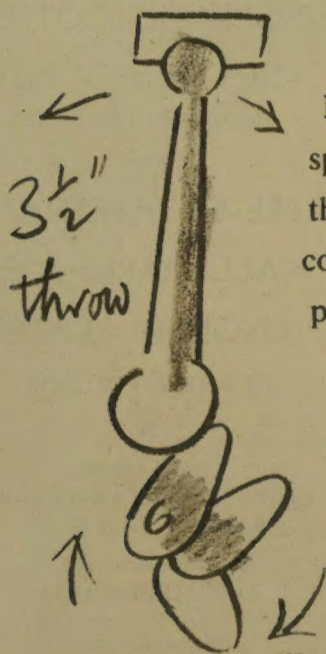


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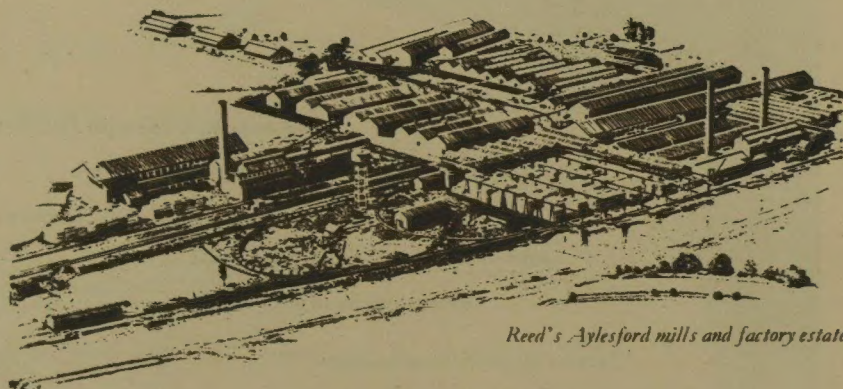
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IN THE HATTON GARDEN WORKSHOP of a scientific instrument maker, in 1895, strange new pictures were thrown on a magic lantern screen — pictures that *moved*. What may have seemed merely an intriguing novelty to the admiring witnesses was, in fact, the first commercially practicable film projector to be made in this country — the Theatrograph.

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SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1952.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: HER MAJESTY ARRIVING AT OLYMPIA ON MAY 6.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent nearly two hours at the British Industries Fair at Olympia on May 6, and obviously found much to interest them in the great annual display of British craftsmanship. Among the stands visited was that of the B.O.A.C., at which Sir Miles Thomas, who had just flown back from Johannesburg in the *Comet* jet airliner, showed the

Royal visitors a model of the aircraft. On leaving, her Majesty said that the B.I.F. was "a very fine display of British goods." The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who with the Duchess of Kent visited the Earl's Court section of the Fair later in the week, took their sons to Olympia on May 6. Other photographs appear elsewhere in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE best news I have seen for many months appeared in the Press the other day. It was in the form of a statement by the Minister of Housing and Local Government. Its purport was that the number of houses completed in the first quarter of 1952 was 53,609 as compared with 43,891 in the first quarter of 1951—an increase of 22 per cent.—while the number of houses under construction in the two quarters was 231,651 as compared with 202,053—an increase of 15 per cent. The improvement in the figures for houses started in the two quarters was even better: 59,577 in 1952 as against 44,536 in 1951—an increase of 34 per cent.

This has nothing to do with party politics, though, unfortunately—in one sense—it is very much a party political issue. One knows that there is controversy as to the proportion of houses that should be built for letting as compared with the proportion built for sale, though one might suppose that, whatever the arguments and technical considerations on either side, the facilities offered by building societies to would-be householders of small means make the distinction rather less real in practice than it appears to be. But the figures should encourage even the most enthusiastic pro-

tagonist of letting, since they show an increase in the number of houses built for letting during the first quarter of 1952 of 8,120: 47,541, that is, instead of 39,421. In other words, it should be rather easier for a poor man to obtain a house to rent to-day than it was a year ago. And rather easier, on these figures, too, for a wealthier one to buy one. Incidentally, however, the raising of the bank-rates should have slightly tilted the balance of advantage in favour of renting instead of buying a house, so the protagonists of the rented house ought to be doubly pleased, though, rather paradoxically—as it seems to me—they have been particularly critical of the rise in the bank-rate. Politics, however, often seem paradoxical to the layman!

What lies behind these figures is the important thing. Several thousand more families have secured new homes than seemed to be probable a year ago. If only the rate of progress can be maintained, month by month—and March was a particularly hopeful month—and quarter by quarter, scores and hundreds of thousands, and even ultimately millions, of our fellow-citizens will be given the happiness and opportunity that come from the possession of a home: the most precious material object a man or woman can possess and something that every Briton ought to have. It means hope and well-being not only for the living, but for the unborn. It is far more important, I believe, than any other single issue in politics to-day. Homes—good homes—are the basis of everything we do and are. Without them we can do nothing, for without them we cannot produce human beings with the virtues to create and maintain the wealth on which we and our nation exist. It is useless, for instance, to make weapons and armies unless we ensure a continuing supply of the men with the courage and loyalty to use and serve in them. A slum nation cannot save itself or save the world. One, indeed, of the chief reasons why we must arm is that, without arms, we cannot protect our homes from the destruction—and far worse destruction—that befell them in 1940-41 and 1944. A powerful deterrent bombing-force appears to be the only weapon in the present state of scientific knowledge and practice that can safeguard our desperately vulnerable urban homes from destruction. There are millions of English men and women living in overcrowded and unsatisfactory houses to-day because Britain lacked such a weapon in 1939. In default of that deterrent weapon appeasement

failed to save those homes, just as it must equally certainly fail to save them now. There are also millions living in homes of their own to-day because in 1944 we possessed such a weapon. The bombing of Peenemünde in the early part of 1944, and of the Pas de Calais and Normandy bridges, railways and launching-sites later in the same year, saved countless homes in London and Southern England from destruction. A sense of proportion in the consideration of political issues is an essential requirement for a politician. It is remarkable, however, how often it appears to be lacking.

The remedy, as I have so often suggested on this page, is for politicians, like other craftsmen, to keep their eyes on the ultimate object they are pursuing. If that object be any other than that of getting themselves into Parliament, office and power—and I am idealist enough to believe that, for all of them, it is a very different ultimate object—it must be the social, spiritual and material well-being of the individual members of the community they serve. And as that well-being so manifestly and primarily depends on the home, the first charge on their attention and energies should be the creation and maintenance of homes, of everything that helps to

create and maintain homes. Homes, for instance, are more important than schools, for, in a free community, they are the first instrument in the education of the nation. No one could have a stronger sense than I of the importance of improving the status and material and intellectual well-being of the teacher and the accommodation and curriculum of the school. I should like to see our primary school teachers as well looked after, as well trained, and as highly honoured as, say, the Brigade of Guards, for they matter as much to us as a nation, or even, if possible, more. But every teacher knows from his own experience—and I have been one myself—how immeasurable is the gulf, other things being equal, between the receptivity



FINAL ARBITERS IN THE LEGALITY OF PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S ACTION IN TAKING OVER THE STEEL INDUSTRY: THE CHIEF JUSTICE, AND ASSOCIATE JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Our group of the Supreme Court of the United States shows (back row; l. to r.) Associate Justices the Hon. Tom C. Clark, Robert H. Jackson, Harold H. Burton and Sherman Minton; and (in front) Associate Justices the Hon. Felix Frankfurter, Hugo L. Black, Chief Justice the Hon. Fred M. Vinson, and Associate Justices the Hon. Stanley Reed and William O. Douglas. American Federal Courts operate on three levels. The highest is the Supreme Court, then come the Circuit Courts of Appeal, and at the bottom are the Courts of First Instance, or Trial Courts. Judge Pine, in a Trial Court, ruled President Truman's action in taking over the U.S. Steel Industry from the owners on April 8 to be illegal. On April 30, the U.S. Court of Appeals granted the Government a stay of execution of Judge Pine's order returning the industry to its owners. This was granted, pending a decision by the Supreme Court on the legality of the President's action. On May 3 the Supreme Court agreed to review the matter, but forbade the Government to make any changes in wages or working conditions until it had disposed of the case. This decision was taken by seven of the nine justices. Justices Frankfurter and Burton were in favour of leaving the case with the Court of Appeals. The dispute in the industry began last November when the Workers' Wage Policy Committee demanded increases. A strike called for January 1 was postponed to allow the Wage Stabilisation Board to report. Its recommendations for increases was accepted by the unions; but the companies' demand for a rise in price was refused by the Office of Price Stabilisation. No solution was found; and a strike was called for April 8. Mr. Truman's action was taken to prevent this. [Photograph by Fabian Bachrach, Massachusetts.]

of a child from a good home and one from a bad. In the case of the first, half or more than half the work has already been done for him. In the case of the second, half or more than half the work he does for the child is wasted. A slum is a greater menace to the well-being of a nation than an atomic bomb. It does just what an atomic bomb does: rots the body and warps the mind and soul of thousands, and goes on doing so, moreover—for its effects are cumulative—generation after generation. Fifty atomic bombs dropped on our cities seventy years ago could have done our national life to-day no more harm than did the slums of the 1880's. This is something that no British statesman, economist or publicist should ever forget. It lies at the very root of all our problems, political and otherwise.

Always, a very wise man who once taught me, impressed upon me: carry things and ideas back to their origins and first principles. The men who won the Battle of Britain—those few hundred who saved us all in 1940 and on whose individual virtues and capacities such immense issues depended—were not nourished in slums. They came from good homes; "by their fruits ye shall know them." An exceptional man may, of course, as a result of other factors in his hereditary make-up or material environment, make good, even if he comes from the worst home, but such cases are very rare and are, at best, only the exceptions that prove the rule. The money and effort we are putting as a nation into building homes for our people is money and effort better spent, I believe, than on any other conceivable object.

THE CORONATION COMMISSION'S FIRST MEETING, AND ROYAL OCCASIONS.



DR. FISHER, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, PRIMATE OF ENGLAND.



MR. ATTLEE, LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CORONATION COMMISSION.



LORD WOOLTON, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, OUTSIDE ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



CHAIRMAN AND DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF THE CORONATION COMMISSION: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, THE EARL MARSHAL.



EARL JOWITT, THE FORMER LORD CHANCELLOR, ATTENDING THE FIRST MEETING.



THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, ENTERING HIS CAR OUTSIDE ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The first meeting of the Coronation Commission was held at St. James's Palace on May 5. The Duke of Edinburgh, as chairman, presided and the session was a short one lasting some twenty minutes, during which a joint committee, of which the Duke of Norfolk is chairman, was set up. This will examine the various problems which will arise and report back to the Commission. On April 28 it was announced that the Queen had approved the appointment of the Commission. The members consist of thirty-six representatives of this country, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Pakistan and Ceylon, in addition to the chairman and deputy chairman. Sir Robert Knox is the secretary.



OUT FOR HER FIRST DRIVE ROUND LONDON ON MAY 10, AFTER BEING KEPT AT HOME AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE FOR FIVE WEEKS WITH A CHILL: H.M. QUEEN MARY. On Saturday, May 10, Queen Mary was able to take a drive through the London parks, now in their full springtime beauty. This was the first occasion for five weeks on which she had been able to leave Marlborough House on account of a chill. Her Majesty, the grandmother of H.M. the Queen, and widow of his late Majesty King George V., was born on May 26, 1867, and thus, on Monday next, she will celebrate her eighty-fifth birthday and receive world-wide congratulations.



THE QUEEN TAKES UP RESIDENCE IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE: HER MAJESTY DRIVING TO THE SOVEREIGN'S LONDON RESIDENCE WITH HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have now taken up residence in Buckingham Palace, the London residence of the Sovereign, and have said good-bye to Clarence House, their former London home. Her Majesty drove up from Windsor by car with Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret, who is not visible in our photograph, on May 5. This was the first occasion on which she had arrived to stay at the Palace since her accession, and as the car drove into the courtyard, the Royal Standard was broken over the roof.

BRITISH TRIUMPHS AT SILVERSTONE RACES.



THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL TROPHY RACE AT SILVERSTONE, IN WHICH THE FIRST TWO PLACES WERE WON BY BRITISH CARS AND DRIVERS.



THE FIELD OF THIRTY-SEVEN CARS TAKING THE FIRST BEND DURING THE 500-C.C. RACE AT SILVERSTONE, IN WHICH BRITISH DRIVERS TRIUMPHED BEFORE A RECORD CROWD.



THE END OF THE INTERNATIONAL TROPHY RACE, WITH L. MACKLIN IN A H.W.M. CAR BEING FLAGGED IN THE WINNER AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 85.41 M.P.H.

The motor-racing meeting at Silverstone on May 10 was watched by an estimated crowd of 125,000 people, a record for such an occasion in this country. The principal event of the day was the International race for the *Daily Express* Trophy. This was run in two heats of 15 laps and a final of 35 laps. The heat winners were J. Hawthorn, in a Cooper, and R. Manzon, in a Gordini. In the final, however, the first place was won by L. Macklin in a H.W.M. car at 85.41 m.p.h.; A. Rolt, also in a H.W.M., was second, ten seconds behind, with E. de Graffenreid, in a Maserati, third, fifteen seconds later. There were interesting races for Production Sports and Production Touring cars, with Jaguars (driven by S. Moss) winning in both the over 3000-c.c. events. The 500-c.c. race of 15 laps was won by S. Lewis-Evans (Cooper), with A. Brown (Cooper) second, and S. Moss (Kieft) third.

THE STRICKEN U.S. WASP LIMPS HOME.

As reported in our last issue, the U.S. carrier *Wasp* (27,100 tons) collided during night manoeuvres in the Atlantic with the minesweeper-destroyer *Hobson* (1630 tons) on the night of April 26-27. The *Hobson* was cut in half and sank, and 176 men of her crew were lost, 61 survivors being rescued by *Hobson's* sister-ship *Rodman*. *Wasp* sustained a 75-ft. gash in her bows, but no injuries to her crew. The survivors were transferred by helicopter from *Rodman* to *Wasp*; and the crippled *Wasp* began a journey of over 1000 miles back to New York. This perilous journey through rough seas, with waves sometimes reaching a height of 30 ft., took her until May 6, when she anchored in New York Harbour. For the first twenty-six hours of this journey she had had to steam backwards at 6 knots; on several occasions she was out of control; and at one time she swung round in a circle owing to her port engines stopping after a sudden shifting of wreckage in her broken bow.



SURVIVORS OF THE U.S. WASP-HOBSON COLLISION BEING BROUGHT BY HELICOPTER TO THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER WASP FROM THE RESCUE SHIP U.S.S. RODMAN.



WITH A 75-FT. GASH IN HER BOWS AS A RESULT OF HER COLLISION WITH A MINE-SWEEPER-DESTROYER: THE U.S. CARRIER WASP AT LAST ANCHORS IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.



LOOKING OUT FROM WASP'S CHAIN LOCKER THROUGH THE GREAT GASH IN HER BOWS, CAUSED BY THE COLLISION WITH HOBSON IN WHICH 176 MEN LOST THEIR LIVES.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF NEWS ITEMS FROM ENGLAND, FRANCE, RUSSIA AND NEPAL.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: A PYROPHONE BEING PLAYED BY DR. D. H. FOLLETT. A pyrophone, a strange musical instrument like a small organ, in which the notes are produced by gas jets at the base of each "pipe," was played by Dr. Follett, of the Science Museum, at the Royal Society of Arts on May 8.



(ABOVE.) "FEARSOME PAINTED AND SIBILANTLY SUBTLE": MISS ELLEN POLLOCK AS THE SERPENT IN BERNARD SHAW'S "BACK TO METHUSELAH," THE FIRST PART OF WHICH WAS TELEVIEWED ON MAY 6.

Miss Ellen Pollock, who played the part of the Serpent in Bernard Shaw's play "Back to Methuselah," which was recently televised, wore such an elaborate costume and make-up that it took over three hours to put it on. The body of the serpent was 16 ft. long.



SAILING A BOAT ON A POND IN THE JARDIN DES TUILERIES IN PARIS: CAPTAIN KURT CARLSEN, SURROUNDED BY A CROWD OF ADMIRING CHILDREN.

Captain Kurt Carlsen arrived at Le Havre on May 2 in his new ship, *Flying Enterprise II*. It was his first sea voyage since his thirteen-day battle to save the first *Flying Enterprise* in January. Captain Carlsen received a great welcome when he visited Paris: a crowd of children sailing boats on a pond in the Jardin des Tuileries soon gathered round their hero.

(RIGHT.) A KISS FOR "FATHER" STALIN: A MOSCOW CHILD WHO HAD PRESENTED MARSHAL STALIN WITH FLOWERS ON MAY DAY SEEN EMBRACING HIM.

During the May Day celebrations in Moscow, after the tanks had passed, a girl from the marching youth organisations went up to the tribune and handed Marshal Stalin a bouquet—"in token of her happy childhood." Marshal Stalin lifted the child on to the parapet of the tribune.



MEMBERS OF THE CHO OYU EXPEDITION. (L. TO R.) STANDING: MR. R. C. COLLEGE; MR. E. HILLARY; MR. E. SHIPTON; DR. L. G. C. PUGH; MR. H. E. RIDDIFORD; MR. G. LOWE. SITTING: MR. C. H. SECORD; MR. A. GREGORY; DR. R. C. EVANS; MR. T. BOURDILLON.

The first news of the approach to the Himalayas by the British Cho Oyu Expedition was sent by Mr. Eric Shipton, leader of the expedition, in a despatch to *The Times* from Namche Bazar dated April 17. He said that the party left Jainagar, a railhead in North Bihar, on March 31, and reached Namche, less than twenty miles from Cho Oyu, on April 16. After two days spent in sorting stores and equipment they intended to leave there on April 19.



BEING CONGRATULATED AT SILVERSTONE: STIRLING MOSS (RIGHT), BRITAIN'S CHAMPION DRIVER, WHO WON TWO PRODUCTION CAR RACES AND THE CHAMPIONS' RACE ON MAY 10.

LAND, SEA AND AIR IN THREE CONTINENTS: TRADITION AND ACHIEVEMENT IN NEWS PICTURES.



THE B.O.A.C. DE HAVILLAND COMET COMPLETES THE RETURN JOURNEY OF THE WORLD'S FIRST JET AIRLINER SERVICE, FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES AHEAD OF SCHEDULE, IN 23 HOURS 43 MINUTES FROM JOHANNESBURG. The first outward and inward flights of the world's first jet airliner service, the Comet London-Johannesburg service, were both completed ahead of schedule, and in each case the speed could have been very much increased. Sir Miles Thomas, who returned in it, has said: "World travellers are going to demand jet-propelled aircraft."



"THE BIG BASS DRUM" LEADS THE MAYOR AND THE FORMALLY DRESSED DANCERS IN THE FLOKAL DANCE PROCESSION AT HELSTON. AND THE GAY PARTY WENDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE GARDENS OF THE TOWN IN BRILLIANT SPRING SUNSHINE—FOR THE CORNWALL TOWN'S WORLD-FAMOUS CEREMONY.



THE MISSIONARY SHIP *CELESTINE*, A 70-FT. REPLICA OF THE SHIP WHICH CARRIED THE S.P.G.'S FIRST MISSIONARIES TO AMERICA, SPRANG A LEAK ON HER WAY FROM WHITEHAVEN TO BARROW BUT, AFTER BRISTLING FOR SOME HOURS, EVENTUALLY MADE PORT AT BARROW. SHE IS DOING A SEVEN-MONTH TOUR OF BRITISH PORTS.



THE NEW PLYMOUTH LIFEBOAT *THOMAS FORBES* AND *MARY ROSE*, WHICH THE DUCHESS OF KENT ARRANGED OFFICIALLY TO LAUNCH YESTERDAY (MAY 16) DURING HER VISIT TO PLYMOUTH. Plymouth's new Royal National Lifeboat Institution lifeboat, *Thomas Forbes* and *Mary Rose*, has been presented by Miss A. Charlton Rowe. It carries a crew of eight, can take on board 100 people and has a speed of just under 9 knots. It is Diesel-driven and designed to provide maximum comfort for both the crew and those who are rescued by them.



THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE R.A.F. YACHT CLUB, WHICH WERE OPENED ON MAY 10 BY MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIX JOHN RUSSELL: REVERSING HORSE, AT HAMPSHIRE. The R.A.F. Yacht Club, which was founded twenty years ago at Calshot and then known as the Calshot Y.C., used until 1929 the Officers' Mess at Calshot as its H.Q. In 1946 the Air Ministry leased to it part of Calshot Castle, but recently the Club acquired the pleasant country house we show, with extensive grounds on the bank of the river.



TYPEIFYING THE COMMUNIST DETERMINATION TO RUIN MALAYAN BY COMMUNISTS IN WHICH INSTALLATIONS WERE ON MAY 2 IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT NINETEEN SEVEN TERRORISTS HAD BEEN KILLED TOTAL IN THE LAST FOUR YEARS. IT WAS ALSO ANNOUNCED THAT SINCE JUNE 1950 JOHORE ALONE. THIS FIGURE INCLUDES



INDUSTRY: THE WRECKAGE AT A TIN-MINE FOLLOWING A RAID DESTROYED AND WORKERS' IDENTITY CARDS CONFISCATED. AND SIXTY-FOUR WOUNDED IN MALAYSIA IN APRIL, ONE OF THE HIGHEST MONTHLY RATES EVER. SIXTY-FOUR COMMUNIST LEADERS HAD BEEN KILLED IN THE STATE OF THIRTEEN DISTRICT COMMITTEE MEMBERS.



THE LONDON SEASON OPENS, AS 250 DÉBUTANTES CURTAIN WHILE THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH CUTS THE CAKE AT THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL AT GROSVENOR HOUSE ON MAY 7. On May 7 at the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House, there was the usual ceremony of cutting the cake; and 250 debutantes in white descended the twin staircases to the March from "Julia Macdonald" to curtsy before the cake. The Duchess of Roxburgh cut the cake, which was lit with 208 candles.



AFLOAT IN THE LARGEST DRY-DOCK IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: THE R.M.S. *OLYMPIC* IN THE CAPTAIN COOK GRAVING-DOCK AT SYDNEY, WHERE SHE WAS REPAINTED; SHOWING THE TWO DIESEL-POWERED MOBILE CRANES WHICH ASSISTED HER ENTRY. The Captain Cook Graving-dock is the largest dry-dock in the Southern Hemisphere, and was built during World War II. The first ship to enter the dock was H.M.S. *Albatross* on March 2, 1946, for emergency repairs, three weeks before the official opening by the then Governor-General of Australia, the Duke of Gloucester. Designed in two sections, the dock has a total length of 1139 ft. 5 ins.



THE HORSE THE QUEEN WILL RIDE AT THE TROOPING THE COLOUR ON JUNE 5, BEING REHEARSED FOR THE CEREMONY. THE HORSE, *WINDFOL*, IS THE ONE SHE RODE LAST YEAR. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT HER MAJESTY HAS BEEN REGENTLY RIDING SIDE-SADDLE AT WINDSOR IN PREPARATION.



THE OCTAGONAL DUTCH COTTAGE ON CANVEY ISLAND, BUILT IN 1618 WHEN DUTCH WORKERS BUILT THE FIRST SEA WALL AROUND THE ISLAND. IT HAS BEEN LATELY PRESENTED TO CANVEY ISLAND L.L.C. THERE IS A POSSIBILITY THAT IT MAY IN FUTURE BE USED AS A MUSEUM.



ENTERING GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA, BEFORE TAKING PART IN BOMBARDMENT EXERCISES WITH SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY: THE 6641-TON ITALIAN CRUISER *RAIMONDO MONTECUCCOLI*, WHICH IS EQUIPPED FOR MINELAYING AND WAS LAUNCHED IN 1934. Our photograph shows the Italian cruiser *Raimondo Montecuccoli* entering Grand Harbour, Malta, preparatory to taking part in exercises with ships of the Royal Navy. Her sister-ship, *Mazio Attendoli*, was sunk by bombing at Naples in 1942, and has since been refloated. *Raimondo Montecuccoli* made 395 knots on her trials in 1935.

A SCIENTIST IN THE WESTERN INDIAN OCEAN.

"THE SHOALS OF CAPRICORN"; By F. D. OMMANNEY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BOOKS of travel may be interesting for various reasons. They may, because they are produced by signal personalities, fascinate us as autobiography. They may enchant us by the music and brightness of their style and the descriptive power with which they bring before the "inward eye" lovely, majestic or monotonous landscapes and seascapes, or the colour and movement of outlandish people and beasts. Or they may hold us by virtue of the mass and novelty of their mere information. Anybody who has ever read any of Dr. Ommanney's former books need not be told that anything he writes will appeal for all those reasons and in all those ways. Those who have not previously encountered his work may find in this new narrative a delightful discovery.

The title has a "romantic" sound: so also have the titles of many modern novels, titles of which the relevance is hard to discern, and which appear to be chosen either because the authors like the sound of them, or because they are deemed glittering silver bait for the questing shoals of readers. But Dr. Ommanney's title is very pertinent indeed: and my reference to "shoals" reminds me that it is doubly pertinent. For his story is the story of an investigation of shoals of fishes in shoal waters: and those waters are bounded on the south by the Tropic of Capricorn.

"Between the islands of the Seychelles, four degrees south of the Equator, and Mauritius on the Tropic of Capricorn is a vast area of shoal water where the bottom in places comes to within sight of the surface. It has long been believed that this area of shallow water, together with the many banks and coral islands that are scattered over this part of the Western Indian Ocean, must be the home of a huge population of food fishes. In 1947 the Colonial Office decided that the possibility of fishing there on a commercial scale must be investigated. Two scientists, therefore, were sent out; and for two years they sailed these waters in a small 45-ton drifter."

Dr. Ommanney was fortunately one of them. Whether the expedition will result in a great accession of fish to our food supplies seems uncertain: though the fishes which live there flourish naturally, as monkey-nuts apparently do not in East Africa or chickens in Gambia or (I don't think that the Colonial Development Corporation, even in its dreamy heyday, ever got quite as far as that project) as valuable oil-bearing whales would probably not have prospered had an attempt been made to farm them intensively in the Serpentine or the Lake in Regent's Park. As I say, whether or not the trip will result in a reinforcement of our food-supply, I cannot tell, or how palatable such reinforcement would be: the one fish mentioned which I may possibly have tasted (inadvertently, in *hors d'œuvres*) is the savage man-eating barracuda, which is one of a group of fishes which South Africans call "snoek." But, productive of fish or not, those two years in a drifter have certainly produced a very good book.

Had the book been entirely about fishes, their appearance, size, habits, habitats, mentality and edibility, it would have been easier to describe. But as I indicated at the beginning, it has many facets, like its author's mind. Dr. Ommanney evidently did

his official job thoroughly. He sailed tens of thousands of miles, organised the catching (largely by line, because of the branching coral obstructions to nets) of tens of thousands of fish, and he cut open and recorded on an average fifty a day; and, occasionally, as a recreation, captured turtles or caught great game-fish with rod, line and necessary harness. But, looking at the book in retrospect, a few days after finishing it, I find that the fishes, however vast their shoals, are not the things that stand out.

I have shared the author's travels in imagination. No report by me has to be published by the Stationery Office; no words of mine can result in either an increase

least. I was not wanted there in that dark, silent, utterly secret place. The trees rattled their claws faintly above my head as though enquiring one of another, 'What is this?' The only signs of life were the small black parrots, also found only

in this valley and nowhere else in the world, which flitted silently to and fro high up among the green. I stood awhile in uffish thought, and then climbed away up into the bright daylight, stripped to the waist and streaming with sweat, leaving these strange relics of an ancient race, and the perpetual twilight that sheltered under their branches." Many such lovely places, isles or atolls or wide waters I have visited with Dr. Ommanney. But chiefly in my mind remain the pictures of life in the larger, settled volcanic islands of Mauritius and the Seychelles.

They must have been, like Tahiti and the Marquesas, wonderful before the white man arrived and brought in his train swarms of black, yellow and brown men, with resultant congestion, corrugated iron, houses built of petrol tins, and appalling sanitation. To-day it appears every prospect except those which are infested by man, who is definitely unsatisfactory; and the outlook, especially for Mauritius, with its swarming Indians and Chinese, is definitely grim. But, after all, nobody could say that the landscape was improving in this country, and at least, for all the squalor which is revealed against the glorious scenic backgrounds, those islands in an unfrequented ocean have not yet entered the Age of Speed. With jets racketing overhead I feel a definite hankering for those parts when I think of some of Dr. Ommanney's stories and pictures. This, for instance: "There is no hurry in the tropics and time is less important to everyone than in our more fevered industrial climate. Eyebrows are raised if you display impatience. I once ordered a taxi in Mauritius for seven o'clock. When it arrived half an hour late I upbraided the driver. 'Late, M'sie? No. You



DR. F. D. OMMANNEY, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Ommanney, a Principal Scientific Officer in the Colonial Scientific Research Service, was born in 1903. From 1929 to 1939 he was on the staff of the *Discovery* Investigation, during which time he made two cruises, each of two years' duration, in the Royal Research Ship *Discovery II*. Many of his experiences were described in his first book, "South Latitude." He is the author of several other books, including "North Cape."



"IN *Cumulus* WE COVERED IN TWO YEARS A DISTANCE OF OVER 20,000 MILES BETWEEN SEYCHELLES AND MAURITIUS, SEYCHELLES AND MOMBASA, SEYCHELLES AND THE CHAGOS ISLANDS, A THOUSAND MILES AWAY TO THE EASTWARD, LOST IN THE MIDDLE OF THE INDIAN OCEAN": MOTOR FISHER RESEARCH VESSEL *Cumulus* OR M.F.R.V.I.

of taxation in this country to compensate for trading losses, or an increase in the populations around the Indian Ocean to a new Malthusian level; and the things which most brightly remain in my memory have little direct relation with fishes or fishing. I have been with Dr. Ommanney on Aldabra Island, one of the last two homes of the giant land-tortoises; and shared his surprise when he met his first. "We continued for some time easily enough over the hard guano, threading our way through a dense glaucous scrub formed mainly by a tree rather resembling the almond and called, for that reason, 'bois d'amande.' Our guide was following a track of sorts, twisting and turning this way and that among the bushes, and from time to time striking with his machete at a branch that obstructed the path of the rapidly liquefying white gentlemen. Félix kept darting to left and right to inspect a bush or plant, stopping now and then to listen to the fluting note of the 'false cuckoo' piping among the scrub, sometimes stooping down to try the quality of the guano soil with his fingers. Then I myself stopped dead in my tracks with astonishment, for there, in my path, looking at me with the unwelcoming stare of an elder member in a very exclusive club, stood an enormous and apparently incredibly ancient tortoise. He measured, perhaps, three-and-a-half feet from the ground to the top of his shell. His long, stringy neck was stretched out towards me and his half-open, toothless mouth and dull, glazed eyes, surrounded by leathery folds, were framing a question. Are you a member here, Sir? There being apparently no reply to this unspoken question, the neck slowly and painfully drew the head back into the great arch of the shell and two scaly knees closed the entrance. He was no longer at home. But as we walked away I observed from a suitable distance that the head had obtruded itself again, and very slowly the great edifice was being conveyed away to a place more protected from such unwarrantable intrusions. What was the Committee thinking of?" I have been, again, with him on that strange island of the Seychelles which is the only place where the great coco-de-mer tree grows, accompanied by a bird as unique. "Altogether I think this was the tullest wood I have ever been in. No jabberwocks with eyes of flame did actually come whiffing through it, but I felt one ought to be on the look-out and chortling noises would not have surprised me in the



"AN INDIGNITY": A HUGE OLD TORTOISE BEING CARRIED ON THE HEAD OF A NEGRO ON ALDABRA ISLAND, ONE OF THE LAST PLACES IN THE WORLD WHERE THE GIANT LAND-TORTOISE STILL LIVES. THIS TORTOISE WAS ONE OF TWO WHICH WERE TAKEN TO THE BOTANICAL GARDENS AT VICTORIA.



GOVERNMENT OFFICES, PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Shoals of Capricorn"; by courtesy of the publishers, Longmans, Green and Co.

order me for seven and it is now only half-past." "Why were they in such a hurry?" asked the Grand Lama of Tibet when he was told that two Englishmen had made a record flight to Australia.

In his review of "The Last Serjeant," in our issue of April 19, Sir John Squire said that the author, Serjeant Sullivan, when practising at the English Bar, refused to be a party to the deliberate running-up of costs by solicitors. In a letter Serjeant Sullivan says: "I think that Sir John has misread me, though not altogether without my fault. He could not have in mind what would be known to all lawyers that a solicitor is paid nothing that a judicial officer has not certified to be properly chargeable and reasonably incurred." We are glad to have this opportunity of correcting Sir John's statement.

* "The Shoals of Capricorn." By F. D. Ommanney. Illustrated. (Longmans; 21s.)



FROM THE AIR: THE VIEW ALONG THE TREE-DOTTED COURSE OF THE STREAM KNOWN AS "THE DOUGLAS," LOOKING TOWARDS THE DRY, SALTY WASTES TO WHICH LAKE EYRE IS NOW REVERTING. THE SCENE OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS INDICATED WITH THE LETTER "A" ON THE INSET MAP.



SURROUNDED BY A GLEAMING WHITE DEPOSIT OF SALT: ONE OF THE TWO AREAS OF WATER STILL REMAINING IN LAKE EYRE AT THE BEGINNING OF APRIL. THE LETTER "B" INDICATES THE SCENE OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH ON THE MAP.

AN INLAND SEA THAT IS FAST REVERTING TO A SALT DESERT: LAKE EYRE, IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Lake Eyre, the 3500-square-mile desert depression in South Australia which was transformed in 1950 by unusually heavy rainfalls into a huge inland sea, is now well on the way to becoming the Dead Heart of Australia once again. The huge sheet of water, whipped into waves by the wind, was illustrated in our issues of August 19, 1950, and December 16, 1950, by photographs from the scientific party led by Mr. C. Warren Bonython. Photographs taken by Mr. C. Warren Bonython in December, 1951, and published in our issue of March 1 this year, showed that Lake Eyre was rapidly reverting to desert. The water had fallen 8 to 9 ft. and the whole

of the middle and north parts were dry. The above photographs have now been received from Mr. C. Warren Bonython, who writes: "At the beginning of April I was able to make an aeroplane flight over Lake Eyre. . . . Contrary to my forecast, the lake had not dried up by March, but still (on April 7) contained nearly 400 square miles of water out of the 3000 square miles originally covered. The water was situated in the south-east and south-west corners of the lake [see inset map] and by taking photographs in red light it was possible to show the water fairly clearly as an area darker than its surroundings." [Photographs by C. Warren Bonython.]

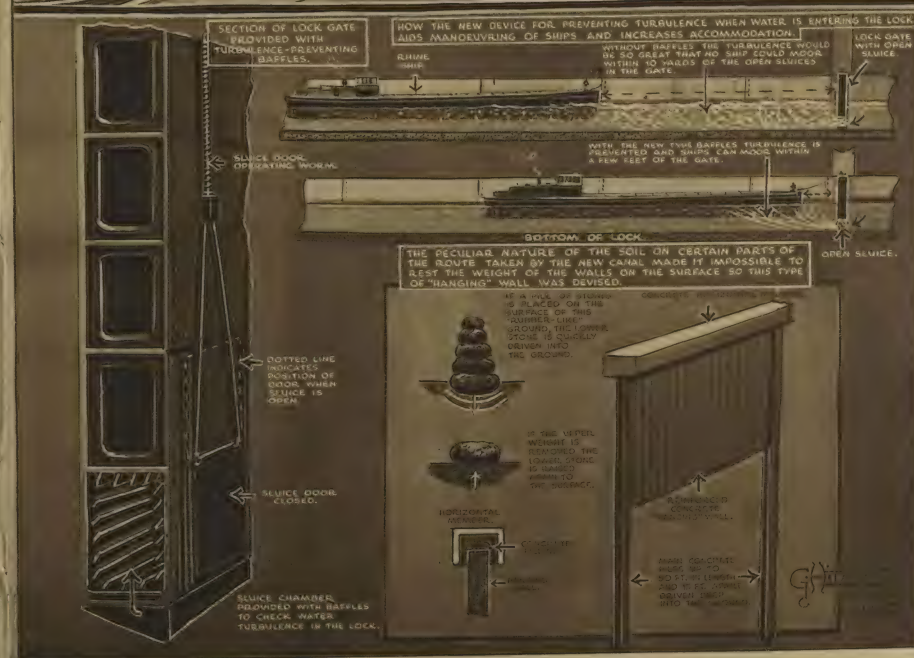


THE RECENTLY COMPLETED AMSTERDAM-RHINE CANAL, TO BE OPENED BY QUEEN JULIANA ON MAY 21.

canal traffic between Amsterdam and the Rhine ports, to Basle, 512 miles away; a canal almost as wide as the River Thames at Twickenham, with an average width of 82 yards. The saving in time taken for the voyage from the Netherlands to Switzerland and the considerable shortening of the route will be the means of saving thousands of pounds yearly. The total cost of the construction of the new canal from just south of Utrecht to Tiel, a distance of 45 miles, was approximately

£9,500,000, and of this sum, £1,400,000 was spent on the building of the new locks and bridges. It is estimated that, owing to the volume of traffic and the dues paid, the new canal will pay for itself in eight years. There are many revolutionary features in this great civil engineering achievement, some of which are illustrated on pages 838-839 by our Artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, who recently visited the Netherlands and made sketches on the spot. Here he shows the scene near Jutphaas, where an

arm of the old canal passes under the waters of the new, and the device employed at the new locks at Wijk-bij-Duurstede and Ravenswaay to prevent sand and mud brought down by the River Lek from silting up the harbours or basins leading to the locks. In 1950 23,000,000 tons of shipping used the Merwede Canal, and this can be expected to increase. The new canal represents a cut of 25 miles or 20 shipping hours in the communication between Amsterdam and the frontier-town of Lobith.



ENGINEERING FEATURES OF THE NETHERLANDS' NEW WATERWAY EXPLAINED: THE WORLD'S LARGEST

On pages 836-837 in this issue we illustrate the course and some navigational features of the Amsterdam-Rhine Canal, which H.M. Queen Juliana has arranged to open on May 21, and here we show some of the engineering features of the new waterway. The Prince Bernhard Lock at Tiel is the largest inland lock in the world, and is divided into three sections by the inner check-gates, so that a tug towing

a long "train" of barges can be accommodated without having to disconnect the tow, while a small ship can be passed through one section only, thus increasing the operating speed. The 190-ton lock-gate on the river end of the Prince Bernhard Lock is raised and lowered by means of compensating weights, as shown in the top left-hand diagram. Another new feature is the provision of baffles in the sluices

DRAWN IN THE NETHERLANDS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH

INLAND LOCK ON THE NEW AMSTERDAM-RHINE CANAL, WHICH IS TO BE OFFICIALLY OPENED ON MAY 21.

of the lock-gates, which were perfected after lengthy experiments in the water-flow laboratories at Delft. The baffles permit vessels to be safely moored within a few feet of the lock-gates and thus increase the capacity of the lock. The filling and emptying of all lock-chambers takes place within 6 to 10 minutes by means of a device in the gates driven by separate motors, while the gates themselves can be

opened and closed within 1-1½ minutes by a power-driven mechanism. The canal will permit of navigation between Amsterdam, Utrecht and the industrial districts of Arnhem, Nijmegen, Bois-le-Duc, South Limburg, the Belgian Meuse and the River Rhine. The new waterway is designed for 2000-ton vessels; the few 4300-ton Rhine barges still in service will also be able to use the canal.

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE STICHTING AMSTERDAM-RIJNKANAAL 1952

BUSY as he is to-day, the Prime Minister will this year, and even this week, assuredly cast back his mind to events of forty years ago. He had introduced the Naval Estimates, his first since succeeding Mr. Reginald McKenna, in the House of Commons, on March 18, 1912. The statement published six days earlier had opened with the words: "These estimates have been framed on the assumption that the existing programmes of other naval Powers will not be increased. In the event of such increases, it will be necessary to present supplementary estimates, both for men and money." In that speech he had made a remarkable proposal to loosen the tension created by the race in the building of *Dreadnoughts* by Britain and Germany. "Supposing we were both to take a holiday for that year. . . . He pointed out that if Germany, in accordance with her programme, built three in 1913, Britain would feel compelled to lay down five. If Germany did not lay down these three, they would wipe out five British battleships, "and that is more than I expect them to hope to do in a brilliant naval action." He could not have felt extremely hopeful, in view of the failure of the Haldane mission to Germany earlier in the year, but the attempt seemed worth making.

Actually before those British Naval Estimates were voted, a "Supplementary Law," or *Marinenovelle*, was brought before the Reichstag. This provided for, among other things, an increase of three battleships and three battle-cruisers over a period of years. And so, forty years ago, on May 15, the First Lord announced that supplementary estimates would be required. Everyone of intelligence—and it is to my mind a fallacy to suppose that the British public of 1912 was not at least as intelligent as that of 1938—realised that this was a very serious matter. They did not know any details of the efforts of Haldane and others to reach a compromise, but they knew such efforts had been made. Now there was clearly little hope that the arms race would be stopped, and it was hardly open to doubt that a continuance of it was likely to end in a clash sooner or later. In point of fact, there were a number of men on both sides who had preceded Mr. Churchill in seeking a settlement. I will mention only the most notable proposal, that of Alfred von Kinderlen-Waechter, then acting as and about to become Secretary for Foreign Affairs, put forward to our Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, in 1909.

In brief, Kinderlen sought a convention under which the two Powers should bind themselves, for a period to be determined, not to go to war with one another, not to join a coalition directed against each other, and to observe benevolent neutrality should either become engaged in hostilities with any other Power or Powers. Tirpitz was prepared in such a case to consider a basis of four capital ships to three in British favour. The historian of a thousand years hence, coming on this proposal and ignorant of its background, might suppose it to have been highly promising and might condemn the British Foreign Office for being so little impressed by it. The point is that it would almost certainly have delivered France to ruinous defeat. If Germany were able to count upon the benevolent neutrality of Britain she would be able also to challenge France without fear of the consequences, when it best suited her. The same may be said of other proposals based on limitation of building coupled with a pledge of neutrality. They had the further disadvantage that they would permit Germany to transfer money otherwise intended for the Navy to the Army, thus rendering France's prospects in war even more hopeless. Speaking for a Government which was in effect, as Mr. Churchill himself has put it, "a veiled coalition" between right-wing Liberal and left-wing Radical, Sir Edward Grey could not make the declaration of British support for France in case of manifest aggression which would probably have prevented war, but he never forgot French interests.

It was not until July 22, 1912, that the country learnt from Mr. Churchill how it was proposed to meet the challenge of the German Supplementary Law. Instead of laying down capital ships, as previously intended, at the rate of 3—4—3—4—3 during the next five years, Britain would build at the rate of 5—4—4—4—4, an increase of four, to meet the increased German building. Other measures of reinforcement, including an annual growth of personnel, were to be undertaken. All hope of compromise was now as good as over. Asquith, Grey, Haldane and Mr. Churchill had played their parts in trying to achieve one, and Germany had been well served by two honest ambassadors who told her Government the truth and were reviled for so doing. Wolff-Metternich and Lichnowsky had warned the Emperor that, while Britain cherished no aggressive designs against Germany, she knew that one lost battle at sea might lead to her ruin, and was therefore determined to keep ahead in naval strength.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CHURCHILL VERSUS TIRPITZ.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The most careful historians do not always rise above national prejudices. Here there is one point which all our historians would have recognised had they possessed the power to put themselves in the place of others. Germany was genuinely in a quandary which almost arouses sympathy—though not quite, because by her treatment of France and Russia and her sabre-rattling she was mainly responsible for having got herself into it. As the result of the Franco-Russian alliance, she had to face the possibility of war on two fronts. Supposing she discovered that



"THE ONLY FIGURE WHO BRIDGES THE PROBLEMS OF 1912 AND THE STILL MORE SERIOUS ONES WHICH CONFRONT US IN 1952, AFTER HAVING PASSED THROUGH THOSE OF 1939": MR. CHURCHILL, PHOTOGRAPHED WHEN HE BECAME FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY IN OCTOBER, 1911. Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of October 28, 1911.



INTRODUCING THE SUPPLEMENTARY NAVAL ESTIMATES OF 1912 TO MEET THE THREAT OF GERMAN NAVAL SUPREMACY: A DRAWING REPRODUCED FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 27, 1912, SHOWING MR. CHURCHILL, THEN THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON JULY 22, 1912.

In his article on this page, Captain Falls recounts some incidents of the naval armaments race between Great Britain and Germany in the years immediately before the 1914-18 war. Mr. Churchill had become First Lord of the Admiralty in the autumn of 1911. In the Naval Estimates of March, 1912—forty years ago—he proposed to attempt to lessen the tension between Britain and Germany by reducing Naval building in the hope that Germany would likewise refrain. Germany did not rise to this magnanimity, and Tirpitz immediately proposed an increase in German naval armaments; and the Supplementary Estimates of July, 1912 met this challenge and, in all probability, ensured that Germany did not win the First World War.

France was considering an attack on her—which some of her statesmen did not put out of the question, ridiculous as it may seem to-day—then she would be certain that Russia would conform, and *vice versa*. If she carried out what she would claim to be only a technical aggression against one or the other to prevent them from attacking her in consort at their chosen moment, she might, after agreeing to a naval holiday, still be attacked by Britain, unless she had obtained a firm pledge from her. I am not deeply impressed by this reasoning, but because it and the British point of view represent the Scylla and Charybdis through which negotiations had to pass, I must give it. No negotiations could get through.

I am commemorating what I regard to have been the crisis of 1912, not the outbreak of war in 1914, so shall not deal with Mr. Churchill's work at the Admiralty during the next two years. He had not

previously taken part in the public discussion of naval affairs. He had succeeded an able administrator and sound First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. McKenna, but it was his vivid phrases and the lucidity of his exposition of a highly complex subject which had fully clarified the issues in the public mind. In the brief period between 1912 and the outbreak of war, he had to face considerable opposition

and even something like a Liberal revolt, encouraged by the attitude of Mr. Lloyd George. But, as has been shown since, when a strong Government of the Left—or at least on the Left—takes a firm line in international politics in this country, it is better placed than a Government of the Right, because the Opposition does not hamper it.

Unlike Mr. Churchill, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz was neither a great statesman nor a great orator. He was, however, like him, a dynamic force. He was also a technical expert, which the British First Lord could not claim to be. He was, into the bargain, a skilled propagandist, and it was largely through his efforts that the *Flottenverein*, the German Navy League, was founded and raised to the strength of a million. The British were the pioneers who created the *Dreadnought* type, called after the ship of that name launched early in 1906, and so the child of the previous Conservative Government. This "all-big-gun" ship, mounting ten 12-inch guns in turrets, of which eight could fire on either broadside, completely revolutionised battleship design. Yet it must be acknowledged that German design, under the influence and the experiments made by Tirpitz, was brilliant. The handling of the vital problem of buoyancy was outstanding. The new German capital ships proved almost indestructible; that became a tradition, well exemplified in the late war by the *Bismarck*. The Krupp guns and the armour were first class. Preventive arrangements and precautions against fire were excellent. The *Seydlitz* survived a fire which, Tirpitz claimed, I do not know how truly, was as dangerous as those which destroyed the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Indefatigable*.

Being then a young man, brought up in an Ulster Unionist household, I looked upon our Government of that time with dislike. I have certainly retracted none of my Unionist sentiments since, but I have come to look upon the Cabinets of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith as among the ablest of modern times in any country, though the latter did not prove to be well fitted for the conduct of war. The German Governments of those days did not possess equal ability or character, and the best man among them, Kinderlen-Waechter, died in 1912. Buelow had the brains, but not the character; Bethmann-Hollweg was honest and well-meaning, but was neither strong, clever, nor well versed in foreign politics. Under better leadership Tirpitz would have been either disciplined or driven to resign. As it was, his influence upon the Emperor, who in his own way desired Anglo-German friendship, was disastrous. On nearly every occasion when the Government leant

to caution and strove to impose it on Tirpitz, he obtained Imperial support.

The considerable amount of history he knew had been learnt like a parrot, without genuine appreciation of its significance. His reasoning was powerful, but he was incapable of understanding a Briton's point of view. When war came, he was pushed into the background and had to watch others handling—the weapon which he had forged. This fate was not unmerited. He had become "impossible." Yet according to his lights he was sincere, in the sense that he honestly believed he was right and that his opponents, within and without the German camp, were wrong. I have always felt a measure of admiration for him because he did so well, almost single-handed, nearly all that he set out to do. He possessed that combination of great and dominating personality with inspired understanding of his profession which can beat down practically any opposition. But he could not beat down the Grand Fleet.

Mr. Churchill and his colleagues carried on their shoulders a heavy responsibility. Yet as we look back we may perhaps feel that Britain was in many ways fortunate. It was not in Germany's power to win the race in naval armaments. So long as we kept a lead we seemed reasonably safe, though neither we on our side or Tirpitz on his realised the full power of the submarine. While the Fleet remained in being and the Atlantic remained open, the danger of our overthrow did not appear great, even though that of our Continental allies would be calamitous. The air arm was still in its infancy. No weapon could outrange the 12-inch gun. Mr. Churchill is the only figure who bridges the problems of 1912 and the still more serious ones which confront us in 1952, after having passed through those of 1939. This is indeed an astonishing experience for any statesman and an astonishing proof of the strength and vitality of this one.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN RHODESIA WITH NYASALAND





THE CITY OF BATH IN THE PRIDE OF ITS ROMAN CIVILISATION: BRITAIN'S MOST ANCIENT SPA, AS IT WAS EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(1) Road to west and Bristol Channel. (2) Lansdown Hill. (3) Road to Winchester and London. (4) North Gate. (5) River Avon. (6) West Gate. (7) Temple of Sul Minerva. (8) Inn. (9) Roman Baths. (10) Small Temple on site of present Bath Abbey. (11) East Gate. (12) Wooden Bridge. (13) Roman Wall. (14) Large house, under modern Rheumatic Fever Hospital. (15) Pottery Kilns. (16) South Gate. (17) Road to Exeter.

The theme of the Bath Assembly, 1952, which opens on May 22 and continues until May 31, is "Roman Bath": the week of the Assembly will be marked by the presentation of "Coriolanus" beside the great Roman bath, by an exhibition of life at Bath in Roman times, by a Roman river pageant, with a flotilla of galleys on the Avon, and by a Roman costume competition at the Assembly Ball. We show here a reconstruction drawing of Bath in the pride of its Roman prosperity, based on discoveries made on the site and following the interpretation of Professor Haverfield, as set out in the Victoria County History of Somerset. Further systematic excavation will one day prove whether this interpretation is correct or not. Concerning this drawing, Miss Ild E. Anthony, Assistant Curator of the Roman Baths and Museum, writes: "No military strategist or trader of her temple was the famous male Gorgon's head now preserved in the Baths Museum: a sculpture of outstanding merit amongst the known remains of Roman Britain. The substitution of a bearded male head for the normal female head of the Gorgon is a unique provincial feature. A smaller temple may have stood at the other end of the open space in front of the Baths. Other sculptured reliefs which presumably adorned a temple have also been found hereabouts. The large building to the north of the baths is an inn or hostel where visitors could stay. No trace of this building has actually been found, but a structure of this kind must have existed in the vicinity. Elsewhere, particularly under the present Rheumatic Fever Hospital, mosaic pavements and other traces of dwelling-houses have been discovered. Though the evidence of coins, pottery and other objects found in the town show that the Romans or Romano-Britons were in Bath from the first to the fourth century, few details survive, as yet, to sharpen the outlines of the picture. The town was a small one, only about thirty acres in extent if we assume that the Roman area was that enclosed by the medieval city walls. The axis of the town from north to south was the road that ran from Gloucester to Exeter, while along the northern ring of the hollow in which the city stands passed the main road from London and Winchester to the Bristol Channel. As in all Roman towns, the dead were buried along the side of these roads, and some of their tombs may be seen in the illustration. But many of those who settled in Aquæ Sulis preferred, as do their descendants to-day, to live in isolated villas and farms on the slopes of the Lansdown ridge and the encircling hillsides."

FROM A DRAWING BY ALAN SORRELL.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE JUDAS-TREE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THERE is a saying that a Judas-tree, to be any good, should have been planted by one's grandfather. This, like so many "sayings," is largely nonsense. A big, old Judas-tree is doubtless preferable to a small, newly-planted specimen. But that surely is true of any sort of tree—unless it is to live in a very small garden.

branches, they occur on the thicker branches and the old limbs, and even bristle from the trunk of the tree itself.

The leaves, which come later, are smooth and round and deeply heart-shaped at the base. The flowers are followed by rather large, flattish seed-pods, and fertile seeds are not uncommon in this country. As a rule, the Judas in this country makes a rather low-spreading tree, though it is capable of growing into a tree up to 30 or 40 ft. high, or even more.

There is a white-flowered variety of the Judas-tree, and there are forms with flowers of a darker, richer colour than the normal pink, but whether these varieties can be relied upon to breed true from seed I do not know. This is an important point, as raising from seed appears to be the only way of obtaining satisfactory specimens. I remember branches of a fine, dark-flowered Judas from Bodnant being shown at the R.H.S. a few years ago, and I rather think it received an Award of Merit. The famous Redbud, *Cercis canadensis*, which is one of the most beautiful of the North American trees—native of the eastern and central United States—is, unfortunately, not very satisfactory in this country. Probably it lacks and misses the intense summer heat of its home climate, and so fails to ripen and harden its wood sufficiently to flower well.

Neither the Chinese Redbud, *Cercis chinensis*, nor the Western Redbud, *Cercis occidentalis*—the latter from California—appear to be satisfactorily hardy for general cultivation in this country. The Chinese *Cercis racemosa* sounds promising—at any rate for favoured climates such as those of Sussex, Hampshire and Cornwall. The fact that the collector Wilson, who secured this species for Harvard University, considered it one of the very best and most beautiful flowering trees

he had introduced—and in saying that he was saying a very great deal—tempts me to ransack the nurseries of Britain for a specimen of *Cercis racemosa*.

Meanwhile, I am very well pleased with the behaviour of my common Judas-tree. Every time I look at it I wonder why on earth this lovely thing is not more often planted by English gardeners. It is neither rare, difficult nor costly to come by, and it has been in cultivation in England for over 300 years. Ample time, one would have thought, for its beauty and its virtues to sink in. I learn from Bean's "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles"—of which the new, three-volume edition is just out—that "the flowers of the Judas-tree have a sweetish, acid taste, and are used as an

ingredient in salads."

The buds on my tree are showing colour, but are only half open. I have tried eating them, but at this early stage they taste neither sweet nor acid. If they taste like anything, it's the tender green, sprouting leaf-buds of hawthorn—the "bread-and-cheese" of childhood.

It will be a week or more before I can make a salad with Judas flowers as an ingredient. Although a sceptic, I like to try these things. But with regard to Judas flowers, I expect to find them decorative rather than delicious. Probably scraps of beetroot would serve the purpose as well—or better. We'll see.

To revert to the saying that a Judas-tree, to be any good, should have been planted by one's grandfather. To convey the meaning that is obviously intended, it should surely be *great-grandfather*; or even *great-great-grandfather*. I have a grandson who is just twice the age of the Judas-tree that I planted four years ago. That makes the grandfather claim meaningless as an index of great age in the tree.

When writing about the Pasque Flower, *Anemone pulsatilla*, recently (April 19), I was planning to visit a colony of this rare and lovely wild flower at Easter. In the end I was unable to go. But I have received a



"THERE IS ONE PECULIARITY ABOUT THE FLOWERING OF THE JUDAS-TREE, WHICH IS MOST ODD AND INTERESTING. NOT ONLY ARE THE TUFTS OF BLOSSOM CARRIED ON THE TWIGS AND THE SMALL BRANCHES, THEY OCCUR ON THE THICKER BRANCHES AND THE OLD LIMBS, AND EVEN BRISTLE FROM THE TRUNK OF THE TREE ITSELF."

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

Much more important than the grandfather nonsense is that a Judas-tree should be planted now, at once—or, rather, Judas-trees, lots of them—for *Cercis siliquastrum* is one of the most beautiful, and quite one of the most neglected, flowering trees to have. Can it be, I wonder, that the grandfather saying has discouraged folk from planting the Judas-tree? I think it probably has. Certainly there seems to be an uneasy feeling abroad among amateur gardeners that this enchanting deciduous flowering tree is perhaps slightly rare, difficult, tender and slow in coming to its best. A tree, in fact, that one finds occasionally in the gardens of the great, in botanic gardens and, of course, on the Riviera; but not, somehow, a tree for ordinary folk with ordinary gardens. Although better suited for the south than the north of England, the Judas-tree might well be tried in carefully chosen sheltered spots in the north. Four years ago I planted a young, 3-ft. Judas-tree in my Cotswold garden, and gave it an isolated position on lawn, where it is sheltered from the north and east by tall evergreens. It is now a roundish, well-branched bush over 6 ft. tall. Last year it flowered for the first time, but all the blossom was carried disappointingly far back on the branches. This spring it is flowering magnificently. Every branch and every twig is wreathed from end to end with tufts of half-open buds—a grand sight during the last week of April and the first weeks of May. *Cercis siliquastrum* has the

good sense to flower on its bare stems, before the leaves develop, so that its blossoming has every chance of full display, though at the time of flowering the tree does carry a thin shimmer of newly-bursting leaf-buds, very small and glossy, and bronze-purple in colour. *Cercis* belongs to the pea family, and its flowers, which in form are like gorse or broom, are carried in close tufts. Their colour is a bright purplish-rose. There is one peculiarity about the flowering of the Judas-tree, which is most odd and interesting. Not only are the tufts of blossom carried on the twigs and the small



THE JUDAS-TREE (*Cercis siliquastrum*) "HAS THE GOOD SENSE TO FLOWER ON ITS BARE STEMS, BEFORE THE LEAVES DEVELOP, SO THAT ITS BLOSSOMING HAS EVERY CHANCE OF FULL DISPLAY, THOUGH AT THE TIME OF FLOWERING THE TREE DOES CARRY A THIN SHIMMER OF NEWLY-BURSTING LEAF-BUDS, VERY SMALL AND GLOSSY, AND BRONZE-PURPLE IN COLOUR."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

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letter from a friend who did go, and from that letter I quote. "We found two men (on the *pulsatilla* ground) who claimed to be 'well-known' botanists from Oxford. They had cleared practically every flower." Such vandalism could only be due to one of two things: crass ignorance of the fact that the Pasque Flower can only reproduce itself from seed, so that gathering all the flowers must lead to eventual extinction; or, if indeed they were "well-known" botanists of Oxford, and *did* know the facts, then they were guilty of extreme selfishness and greed.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN SOUTH WALES: SCENES SOCIAL, INDUSTRIAL AND ACADEMIC.



WEARING THE ROBES OF CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPEAKING TO THE STUDENTS OF SWANSEA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.



STARTING THE TRIAL RUN-UP OF A TURBO-BLOWER TO A BLAST FURNACE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE ABBEY AND MARGAM WORKS OF THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES, NEAR PORT TALBOT.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS HERE SEEN INSPECTING THE COKE OVENS OF THE ABBEY AND MARGAM WORKS AND IS ACCOMPANIED BY THE COKE OVENS MANAGER.



RECEIVING THE WELSH DRAGON MODELLED IN STEEL: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT) WITH THE CHAIRMAN OF THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES, MR. E. H. LEVER.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER: AN INFORMAL SCENE AT SWANSEA AS HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WAS LEAVING THE SWANSEA GUILDHALL.



DURING HIS VISIT TO A SWANSEA HOUSING ESTATE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SMILES AND RETURNS THE GREETING OF A CHEERFUL SMALL GIRL.

Great crowds in Swansea greeted on May 7 the opening of the Duke of Edinburgh's two-day tour in South Wales. The first day was spent at Swansea, where he visited the war-damaged Guildhall, a British Legion memorial home, a hospital, some old-age pensioners and Swansea University College. At the University College, where he wore the robes of Chancellor of the University of Wales; he made his only speech—to the students—and he stressed three things which he

had learnt: the great wealth of scientific knowledge which was available for use; the supreme importance of good personal relations in industry; and the continuing high standard of British craftsmanship. On the following day he visited the 600-acre Abbey and Margam Works of the Steel Company of Wales, near Port Talbot, where he started a turbo-blower, drove a Diesel-electric locomotive and operated a machine slicing red-hot ingots.

ADMIRING FINE BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP THE QUEEN, AND OTHER ROYAL VISITORS AT

THE story of the British Industries Fair goes back for thirty-seven years, to the autumn of 1914, when Britain, so long dependent on Germany and Austria for certain classes of manufacture, found herself cut off from these sources of supply. To encourage British manufacturers to supply

(Continued opposite.)
(RIGHT) AN INGENUOUS EXAMPLE OF BRITISH LEATHERWORK: A "BENCH IN THE PARK" CASE OF UNUSUAL DESIGN, TO HOLD CIGARETTES, DISPLAYED AT A STAND AT EARL'S COURT.



ENABLING TELEPHONE MESSAGES TO BE TAKEN DOWN WITHOUT THE NECESSITY FOR USING ONE HAND TO HOLD THE INSTRUMENT: A STAND, CONTAINING AN ELECTRONIC AMPLIFIER ON WHICH THE RECEIVER IS PLACED.



ROYAL VISITORS AT A TOY STALL AT OLYMPIA: PRINCE WILLIAM IS DISPLAYING TO THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (FORGROUND) AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (BEHIND, RIGHT) SOMETHING WHICH TELLS 'CAUTION' HIS TANCY.



DEEPLY INTERESTED BY THE MODEL OF THE B.O.A.C. COMET JET AIRLINER, WHICH RECENTLY INAUGURATED THE "JET" SERVICE TO SOUTH AFRICA: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



AT SHELL-MEX AND B.P. STAND: THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY MR. WOLCUGH AND MR. THORNECROFT, LOOKING AT A MAP, WITH SYMBOLS TO INDICATE OIL-PRODUCING AREAS, MAIN REFINERIES AND BUNKERING STATIONS.



SCRUTINISING THE SCALE MODEL OF MOUNT EVEREST, WHICH WE ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 26: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT EARL'S COURT, WHICH THEY VISITED ON MAY 8.

(Continued.)
10,000 of the latest products of over 2000 leading manufacturers have been on view at the 1952 British Industries Fair, which opened on May 5 and was due to close on May 16. On May 6 her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Olympia and toured the exhibits. They saw, among other stands, that on which the Coronation souvenirs, to be sold in 1953, were on view. They spent some time at the B.O.A.C. stand, where Sir Miles Thomas, who had flown home from Johannesburg in the aircraft, explained the model of the B.O.A.C. Comet jet airliner to them. They also saw a map of the world floating in water at the Shell-Mex and B.P. stand, on which oil-producing areas, main refineries and bunkering stations of the world were indicated by miniature pyramids, cylinders and barrels. The latest model of the *Regal* dark-room colour camera for poster and map work, which we illustrate,

DISPLAYED AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: THE OLYMPIA AND EARL'S COURT SECTIONS.



(Continued.)
the missing goods, the Board of Trade held a series of small exhibitions up and down the country to display to manufacturers the type of foreign goods needed. From these small beginnings the great annual national "Shop Window" has grown. Now, in London, at Earl's Court and Olympia, and in Birmingham,

(Continued below.)
(LEFT) COMPLETE WITH A REMOVABLE MODEL OF THE STONE OF SCOTLAND: A MINUTIAIR COPY OF THE CORONATION CHAIR (SEELED NOT IN THESE



DESIGNED TO ALLOW THE OPERATOR TO WORK WITH THE LEAST AMOUNT OF PHYSICAL EFFORT: THE LATEST MODEL OF THE *REGAL* DARK-ROOM COLOUR CAMERA, WHICH CAN TAKE NEGATIVES OF 30 BY 30 INS.



WATCHING A SMALL PLASTIC BOAT ABOUT TO DISPLAY ITS PACES IN A TANK OF WATER: H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT OLYMPIA, WHICH THEY VISITED ON MAY 6.



AMUSED BY A MODEL OF A CHAIR: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON MAY 8 AT ONE OF THE PORCELAIN AND POTTERY STANDS AT THE EARL'S COURT SECTION OF THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR.

can take negatives up to 30 by 30 ins. In operating it, the photographer need not leave the dark-room. The three screens used for half-tone work are housed in the box extension shown on the left of the focussing screen. By an ingenious mechanical arrangement the appropriate screen is moved into position by remote control. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and their sons, Prince William and Prince Richard, visited Olympia on the same day as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh; but took a different route on their tour. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent visited Earl's Court on May 8. The display of plastics at the Fair was impressive and included a full-size delta-shaped aircraft wing of highly polished moulded plastic. This represents a pioneer step towards all-plastic aircraft, which promise to be easier and cheaper to build than metal aircraft.



EXAMINING SMALL PLAYTHINGS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. HER MAJESTY'S PURCHASES INCLUDED THICK RUBBER PENCILS WHICH DO NOT WRITE, AND A TOY INSECT WHICH JUMPS INTO THE AIR.



DISCUSSING THE DISPLAY OF FIVE BRITISH PORCELAIN AT ONE OF THE STANDS AT OLYMPIA: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, OBVIOUSLY PLEASED BY THE EXHIBITS, DURING HER VISIT ON MAY 6.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ENEMIES WITHIN OUR GATES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ONE of my more vivid memories of boyhood concerns a moment when I saw smoke drifting across the fields and was told that they were burning a herd of cows. There had been an outbreak of

is repellent in the text. On the contrary, it is a recital of factual matter, lightened with apt simile and dry wit. It is not only authoritative, but very readable.

With such an unusual subject, there is a strong temptation, in appraising the value of the book, to recount some of the more striking data—the curiosities, so to speak, such as the mass migrations of fleas, the flea that lived for 1487 days, and so on. But that would be doing less than justice to it. Apart from the wealth of facts presented, two things stand out from my reading. The first concerns the evolution of fleas and lice; the second relates to the rôle of the parasite itself.

The theory of organic evolution has its advocates and its opponents, and both are aware that there are many awkward gaps in the story. The advocates take the view that there is such an accumulation of evidence in support of it that a few gaps can be ignored. The opponents concentrate on the gaps. Those sitting

at the incredible population of internal parasites found in the healthy body of a wild animal, yet a captive individual of the same species, to a large extent cleared of these same parasites, will usually grow unhealthy even if it does not succumb. Everywhere there is evidence of how much more damage parasites can do wherever man interferes. Since our civilisation is based upon and maintained by interference, then the only profitable line is the cultivation of maximum health—and this leads inevitably to the correct treatment of the soil—together with the fullest knowledge of the results of our interference.

It is possible that in this last paragraph I have read more into the words of Miss Rothschild and Miss Clay than was intended by them. Readers of the book must judge for themselves. At least, I have made it plain that this is not a trivial work, in spite of its title. And they have something to say which is relevant to foot-and-mouth disease. Thus, in the early spring a broadcast news item suggested that the disease was being brought over from France by yellow wagtails. A later news item blamed the starlings. These things would surely be difficult to prove, but it is of interest to see what our present authors have to say about these, and other birds, that spend so much time destroying the parasites of cattle. "There are few prettier sights than a flock of starlings whirling out of the frosty air . . . and settling among folded sheep, or a herd of cows. They work carefully and painstakingly over the ground which has been disturbed by the footsteps of the farm animals, and perform an extremely useful service by destroying the disease-carrying ecto-parasites of domestic animals and removing grass-eating insects and parasitic worms from their pastures." Or: "The only resident British bird which takes advantage of the winged insects swarming on domestic animals is the yellow wagtail, which hawks for blood-sucking horse-flies and klegs round cattle grazing in the field." At least let us pause before we rattle the bones at a couple of otherwise useful birds.



AN EXAMPLE OF CASUAL COMMENSALISM: A GREAT TIT REMOVING THE CAP FROM A MILK-BOTTLE—A HABIT WHICH HAS ONLY BEEN DEVELOPED IN RECENT YEARS.

In the chapter on commensalism (a term applied to two animals living in close and harmless association with one another from which circumstances only one partner derives benefit) in the book "Fleas, Flukes and Cuckoos," reviewed on this page, the authors say: "One of the most curious and unusual types of commensalism is demonstrated by tits which have recently developed the habit of stealing milk from the bottles left by the milkman on his rounds. This remarkable phenomenon was first noticed about thirty years ago in England and it has since spread rapidly through many parts of Britain. . . . Although this habit has undoubtedly arisen spontaneously and independently in different parts of Britain, there is no reason to doubt that its spread has been greatly accelerated by the tits learning from their parents and by mimicking one another."

Photograph by V. L. Breeze.

foot-and-mouth disease, the cows had been slaughtered and their carcasses were being burned. I do not remember being particularly moved by the event, although these same cows, as objects in a field, were familiar to me. It is a little odd, therefore, that my memory should retain the picture so vividly, even to the details of the hedges over which the smoke was drifting. I have thought a great deal about foot-and-mouth disease since then, and whenever I read of cattle being burned I think of that smoke and of the witch-doctor rattling his bones, or whatever it is witch-doctors do. Long ago I came to the view that the remedy lay in the correct treatment of the soil. The line of argument seems so obvious, but I must confess I have never yet converted a farmer to it.

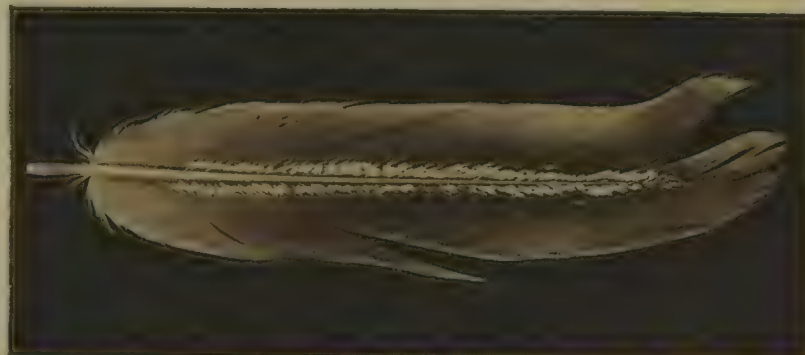
In the battle against disease we seem unable to advance along the whole front simultaneously. A local success here is linked with a local reverse there; a wholesale victory at one point is usually followed by a débâcle elsewhere. Perhaps our tactics are out of date in places, or our knowledge still inadequate, in spite of all we know. A recent book certainly adds to that knowledge, and at the same time exposes the immense difficulties to be met and dealt with in the understanding of such problems. It is "Fleas, Flukes and Cuckoos," by Miriam Rothschild and Theresa Clay (Collins; 21s.). It is not primarily about disease, but about parasites of all kinds, including many responsible, directly or indirectly, for a multitude of diseases.

The first thing that catches the eye—a trite remark, perhaps—is the title. It is difficult to think of a better one, which is probably what the authors found; yet under this quasi-flippant title is enclosed an outstanding book. More than this, it is unique. The authors themselves point out that: "It is scarcely surprising that in Britain bird and butterfly enthusiasts number thousands, but the collectors of fleas and lice can be counted on the fingers of one hand." They are themselves two of the most distinguished. And whereas for most subjects there is a generous range of authors to choose from, in this subject the choice is remarkably limited.

The book is divided into three parts. The first deals with animal partnerships of all kinds, from simple cases of symbiosis and commensalism to the most advanced parasitism, together with the origin and consequences of parasitism and the evolution of the parasites themselves. The second part is devoted solely to fleas and bird lice; and the third comprises a general survey of parasites, from micro-organisms to cuckoos. On the face of it, a book with such a title would hardly make bedside reading, but because of the authors' objective approach there is little that

in the ringside seats will be interested in what can be gleaned from the study of fleas and lice. These two insects constitute a little world of their own. Geologically speaking, their parasitism is of recent date, and their numbers are such that they present a cameo rather than a broad canvas—or a stage within a stage. Their story is therefore the more easy to follow. If the mammals and birds upon which the fleas and lice live have evolved from a common stock, we should expect that their genealogical tree would be duplicated in that of their parasites. Miss Rothschild and Miss Clay present sound evidence for believing this to be the case. Further, as they point out, if this be true, then there is more chance of settling cases of doubtful relationship between certain groups of mammals and birds by study of their parasites than by the study of the hosts themselves. The data to be examined are simpler and more manageable, apart from anything else. Several fascinating examples are given.

On the rôle of the parasite, it is not so much what the authors say as the implications of their words that matters. To try to summarise this in a short space is difficult and perhaps dangerous. At risk of over-simplifying a very involved subject, it seems that parasites, whether micro-organisms or flukes, play, generally speaking, the rôle of scavengers. They clear up the products of the disintegration of protoplasm rather than initiate it. As a corollary, they are harmful, in the main, when the health of the body has already been laid open to further injury by old age, neglect or some such circumstances. Zoologists have often expressed surprise



EGGS OF A WING-FEATHER LOUSE: (TOP) PRIMARY FEATHER SHOWING EGGS; AND (BELOW) A CLOSE-UP SHOWING EGGS LYING BETWEEN BARBS.

It has been estimated that there are 25,500 species of feather lice in the world, of which about 1500 are likely to be found in this country. Only a few of these have valid scientific names for, as they are hidden in the plumage, they do not attract the immediate attention of the naturalist, and few people even know that they exist. The lice can be divided into two main types, those living on the head and neck, and those found on the wings and back. The latter's elongated eggs are usually placed between the barbs, which protect them during preening.

Photographs by J. G. Bradbury.

Illustrations reproduced from "Fleas, Flukes and Cuckoos"; by courtesy of the Publisher, Collins.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF RARE BRITISH SEA FISHES IN CAPTIVITY.

THE photographs on this page are of three unusual fishes which have rarely, if ever before, been shown alive in captivity in this country. All three species are at the present time doing well in the tanks of the aquarium attached to the Laboratory of the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth. The photographs have been taken by Dr. Douglas P. Wilson, F.R.P.S., of the Laboratory, who writes: "These fishes are not only relatively rare members of our marine fauna but are unusually strange in form, and in their habits so far as these are known. Probably for the first time, a Wreck Fish (sometimes called a Stone Bass) is living in an aquarium in England. Only three specimens had been recorded at Plymouth since 1890, when last autumn fishermen of Hope Cove, South Devon, discovered one floating inside a tea-chest and contrived to convey it alive to the aquarium at Plymouth, where it still is. It is the habit of the Wreck Fish to follow floating wreckage and feed on the smaller fishes which are attracted to floating debris. The specimen at Plymouth is about 20 ins. long, in colour a steely blue, with a pronounced dark spot on the tip of its protruding lower jaw. It is most definitely a fish-eater. The Boarfish, after an absence of many years, returned, for a time, in force to certain south-western fishing-grounds last autumn, and a number are now in the Plymouth aquarium. It is said to take its name from its turned-up, pig-like snout, which is capable of being suddenly pushed forward to seize the tiny crustaceans

(Continued below.

(RIGHT.) LIVING IN AN AQUARIUM IN ENGLAND PROBABLY FOR THE FIRST TIME: A WRECK FISH (*POLYPRION AMERICANUS*), WHICH IS ABOUT 20 INS. LONG, AND STEELY BLUE IN COLOUR.



A PRETTY LITTLE FISH THAT HAS RARELY BEEN KEPT ALIVE IN AN AQUARIUM FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME BEFORE: A BOARFISH (*CAPROS APER*), WHICH IS ABOUT 4 INS. LONG.

(Continued.]

on which it feeds. The Red Bandfish, or Red Snakefish, is well known to trawler men, especially in the south-west, but is rarely seen by anybody else. Two or three of these queer, elongated fishes (eel-like, but not eels) have been kept for some months in the Plymouth aquarium, where they have been photographed alive for the first time. The habits of this fish have been almost completely unknown and even now, little new knowledge has been gained. During the daytime they have persisted in maintaining by gentle, undulatory swimming movements a vertical position just off the bottom. A clue to their real habits was obtained one morning recently when one of these fishes was seen to be attempting to excavate the bottom of its tank, repeatedly taking up mouthfuls of sand and removing them some distance away before returning for more. In the deep, stiff mud of their natural habitat in the sea this activity would probably result in the excavation of a wide burrow. It is therefore possible that it is in such a burrow that they normally live. Their food appears to be various small animals. Their length, when full-grown, is a little short of 2 ft."

Photographs by Douglas P. Wilson, F.R.P.S.



PHOTOGRAPHED ALIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME: A RED BANDFISH (*CEPOLA RUBESCENS*) SEEN FLOATING UPRIGHT AGAINST THE WALL OF ITS TANK.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE VAN EYCKS—FOUNDERS OF FLEMISH PAINTING.*

By FRANK DAVIS.



WHEN I next find myself in Belgium, I sincerely trust it will be my good fortune to spend a day or two in Ghent at the time of the *Floralis*, the great flower show which used to be held—and I hope still is—every five years, and at which is shown the most marvellous array of azaleas and begonias. The *Floralis* is, of course, something to be seen for its own sake, but I have another reason: I can imagine few things more enchanting than to walk from so beautiful a natural display of colour into the Cathedral of St. Bavon, and there stand before the great altar-piece which Jan Van Eyck, after the death of his brother Hubert, completed in May, 1432. After that I should go on to Bruges, first to look at the Memlings in the Hospital of St. John, and then walk into the beautiful little museum, where one can sit quietly with nothing to distract one, in front of Jan Van Eyck's "Madonna and Child" of 1436; for these two pictures are, in very truth, two of the wonders of the world, existing in their own right beyond time and circumstance. That is what I think, but it is fair to point out that not all the natives of Bruges share my views, for when I was there a few years ago I missed my way, and when I asked a large, kind, smiling woman to direct me, she said she had never heard of Memling, nor of Van Eyck, and she knew most of the prominent citizens of the town, at least by name.

Here is another book about the brothers Van Eyck. "Jan Van Eyck," by Ludwig Baldass, scholarly, meticulous and sensitive, and distinguished by admirable half-tone illustrations; it seems to me that if it is possible to convey in print the quality of this magnificent painting, this production comes as near to success as any so far published by Phaidon. Perhaps, though, the printer's task has been made easier by the extraordinary realism of the paintings themselves, for each hair on head or body, each gem on a mitre, is treated with the same loving care, but—and this

not brought back till 1584. In 1794 the French took the centre portion to Paris and hung it in the Musée Central in 1799. The centre portion was reinstalled in 1816, but in the same year the wings (without Adam and Eve, which had been separated from the rest of the altar-piece in 1781) were sold to a collector through a dealer and bought by the Berlin Museum in 1821. In 1861 the Adam and Eve panels were bought by the Belgian Government and given to the Brussels Museum. By the Treaty of Versailles in 1919, the Berlin wings were handed back to Belgium, and the whole altar-piece was once more installed in St. Bavon. Then, in 1934, someone stole the wing panel of the Just Judges, together with the back (St. John the Baptist), deposited the back in a "public dépôt," sent the receipt to the authorities in order to prove that he was in possession of the front, and demanded a ransom. The back was recovered, but the ransom was not paid, and neither the thief nor the missing panel was traced. During the recent war the altar-piece was brought to France, seized by the Germans and, finally discovered with many other masterpieces hidden in the salt-mines of Aussee, in Austria. Now, once again, it is the chief glory of the great church for which it was painted more than five centuries ago.

A book of this quality serves two purposes. It provides those who have not seen the originals with a reminder that they have not yet tasted a special pleasure. It brings back to those who have had that experience something of the excitement they must surely have felt on that occasion—for example, the realisation, that in seeing the centre panel of the altar-piece for the first time (the part of the whole which is mainly the work of the elder brother) you were looking at something new in Western painting, at landscape painted with affection for its own sake. If this is poetry in the highest sense, the more matter of fact Jan Van Eyck yet contrives to paint poetical prose through sheer love of meticulous detail. It is in this respect, I think, that a volume of this character, with its admirable photographs of small portions of the various paintings, can be so illuminating, for it is difficult to grasp all these details in one brief visit. Dozens of examples come to mind—the beautifully painted lemon (not an apple) held by Eve, the little garden and landscape in the background of the picture of the Madonna, and the formidable Burgundian Chancellor Rolin in the Louvre, the pavement in "The Annunciation" in Washington, the washing recess, with the towel hanging by it, from the upper row of panels at Ghent, and the curious manner in which the words spoken by the Virgin in the same picture are painted upside down, apparently to show that she is replying to the Angel and not to us. More

impressive and astonishing than any, perhaps, are the detail photographs of the palms and cypresses, the orange-tree, the lily, iris and pæonies and the expanse of flowered turf which form part of the central panel. Nor must I forget the excellent full-page illustration of the candelabra with its single lighted candle, the magnificent signature (in itself a notable piece of calligraphy—"Johannes de Eyck Fuit Hic"—

"Jan Van Eyck was here"), and the mirror on the wall, with its reflection of the two principal figures and of the painter himself and surrounded by a frame on which are exquisite miniature paintings of the Passion, which are not the least of the marvels of the Wedding Portrait of Giovanni Arnolfini and his wife in the National Gallery. What a marriage certificate and what a witness to have present!

Looking back over what I have said so far, I realise that my enjoyment of the photographs, together with my memories of the originals, has enticed me to give the impression that I was dealing with a picture-book and little more, which would be incorrect and grossly unfair to the author, Herr Ludwig Baldass, for many years Director of the Vienna Gallery, whose introduction is not only judicious about many controversial subjects which have caused historians to spill much ink, but presents an extremely well-balanced account of the sources from which Flemish painting of the fifteenth century derived its strength and of its development by the two brothers. Moreover, the size of the pages at his disposal enables him to illustrate his story with a lavish selection of miniatures and paintings by other hands. He has had the advantage of studying the Ghent altar-piece in particular in very great detail as recently as May, 1951, and also the 260 X-ray photographs made at the *Archives Centrales Iconographiques d'Art National* at Brussels. In short, the book is a thorough and fascinating study of two rare personalities. The learned may disagree with Herr Baldass as to their relative importance; they will not be able to withhold their admiration for a fine performance nor for the format of the book. The translation from the original German is fluent and idiomatic, but I would like to ask one pedantic and pernicky question. The Ghent thief placed the stolen panel in "a public dépôt" and sent the receipt to the authorities. What is "a public dépôt"—furniture depository, pawn-shop or railway left-luggage office?



"THE HOLY HERMITS"; BY JAN VAN EYCK, THE INNER RIGHT-WING PANEL OF THE GHEENT ALTAR-PIECE IN ST. BAVON.

"The Ghent altar-piece is the most comprehensive work produced in France or the Netherlands during the fifteenth century. It is a polyptych with movable wings painted on both sides, and the central portion, the so-called shrine, is also painted, not carved." Critical examination has revealed it to be the work of two artists, Hubert and Jan Van Eyck.

Illustrations reproduced from "Jan Van Eyck," by Ludwig Baldass; by courtesy of the Phaidon Press, the publishers.



CHARGERS OF "THE WARRIORS OF CHRIST": DETAIL FROM THE INNER LEFT-WING PANEL OF THE GHEENT ALTAR-PIECE, BY JAN VAN EYCK.

The three knights who head the procession of the Warriors of Christ on the inner left-wing panel of the Ghent altar-piece are usually held to be Saints Martin (or Victor), George and Sebastian. Below on the frame is the inscription *CHRISTI MILITES*.

is surely the supreme miracle—the pictures as a whole are not merely the sum of their parts, exercises in consummate craftsmanship, but exist as visions of fine minds whose imagination soars above the workaday world.

Perhaps it is worth recalling the extraordinary history of the Ghent altar-piece. Until 1566 it remained in the Cathedral; in that year it was removed to the Stadhuis because of an iconoclastic riot, and



"A HOLY HERMIT"; BY JAN VAN EYCK. DETAIL FROM THE INNER RIGHT-WING PANEL OF THE GHEENT ALTAR-PIECE.

The procession of the Holy Hermits occupies the inner right-wing panel of the great polyptych altar-piece in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, Ghent. The rear of the procession is brought up by two women, St. Mary Magdalene and another, probably St. Mary Egyptiaca. The inscription below on the frame is *HEREMITE SANCTI*.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Jan Van Eyck." By Ludwig Baldass. With 170 plates, 8 in full colour, and 80 text illustrations. (Phaidon Press; 3½ guineas.)

CANADA — BY AN EX-GOVERNOR-GENERAL: LORD ALEXANDER'S R.A. PICTURES.



"OTTAWA";
BY FIELD MARSHAL
EARL ALEXANDER OF
TUNIS, MINISTER OF
DEFENCE.

ONE of the greatest commanders of World War II., and present Minister of Defence, Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, like the Prime Minister, is an amateur artist of distinction. His work has been shown in Army Art Society Exhibitions, and this year he has three paintings on view in the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. They are all winter landscapes of Canada, and thus recall that from 1946 until early this year he was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion.

"THE GATINEAU
RIVER"; BY FIELD
MARSHAL EARL
ALEXANDER OF
TUNIS, MINISTER OF
DEFENCE.

THE three paintings by Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, Minister of Defence, on view in this year's Royal Academy are all snow scenes, painted in Canada. They show that the great soldier who commanded the First Division from 1938-40 and was Supreme Allied Commander, Mediterranean Theatre, from 1944-45, is a painter of very considerable gifts, and that he has attained a high degree of technical skill. The title of the third painting he is showing at Burlington House is "From My Studio Window."

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THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

A SUDDEN SPATE OF QUALITY.

By ALAN DENT.

IT is hardly to be wondered at that the film-critical profession should have been "struck all of a heap" by a sudden spate of pictures of quality. The stream had been running so low. Boulders of boredom stuck up starkly out of its sluggish bed. And all seemed set for stagnancy throughout the summer.

And now, all at once, comes a rush—three quite exciting new films all at once, with one appropriately enough called "The River" at their head. The script of this has been adapted by Jean Renoir and Rumer Godden from the latter's celebrated novel, and Jean Renoir is responsible for the direction (which is that of a fine artist as well as a great artist's son).

The manner of "The River" is simplicity itself. A woman's voice—"ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman"—is heard throughout describing her adolescent girlhood as it was spent in Bengal in a happy English house beside an Indian river. There were her adorable baby sisters and her dear little brother with a name that sounds like "Bogey." There were her amiably intelligent parents—growing old together and wise simultaneously. There was the strange native girl with the Irish father, living next door. There was the friend from another neighbouring house—a friend with pre-Raphaelite red hair, a shade less young than the narrator, a shade less adolescent.

It came to pass that a young American who had lost his leg in warfare came to stay in the house for a while. All the girls fell foolishly in love with him. Father discovered this and said it was worse than foolish. But Mother said it was harmless—she, too, in her time, had known such "crushes"—first it was Lord Byron, then it was Valentino, then it was the milkman. The narrator suffers most because the red-haired friend is nearly old enough to interest the young American, and the two tease the narrator and even steal her diary and read it aloud. One is reminded of the aphorist, "Trivia" Smith: "Unrequited affections seem to us in youth to be unmitigated woes: it is only in middle age that we begin to realise the safe, sad charm of those bogus heartbreaks." (I quote that divine writer from memory and therefore not perhaps quite accurately—a thing I should not dare to do if he were still with us.)

And then a dire and dreadful thing happens—the film's one palpable event. Little Bogey, whom we have already seen intently watching a snake-charmer in the market-place, tries snake-charming himself, with an improvised pipe and a cobra he discovers lurking at the bottom of the garden. The reticence with which the catastrophe is divulged to us is beyond praise. We see only the narrator going into the undergrowth vaguely aware that some insurmountable evil has

happened; then Bogey's Indian boy-friend running away, as if mere running might resolve his panic;



"IT IS AN EXTRAORDINARILY DISPASSIONATE, SUBTLY OBSERVED AND QUIETLY WELL-ACTED FILM": "CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY," ADAPTED FROM HIS NOVEL BY ALAN PATON, SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH KUMALO (CANADA LEE—RIGHT) TRIES TO TELL JAMES JARVIS (CHARLES CARSON) THAT HE IS THE FATHER OF THE NATIVE BOY WHO KILLED JARVIS'S SON.

then a glimpse of the stricken Bogey; then a busy scene by the river into the midst of which walk some native carpenters carrying a new-made coffin big enough for a little boy.

The film closes with the birth of the latest addition to this family we have in no time grown to like so much. It must, it must be a boy to take the place of the lost Bogey. It must be! But I have already divulged far more than I usually divulge of the action of a film; and what happens at the tail-end of this one will be dwelt upon no longer by me.

What happens throughout it is what matters. There are Indian customs and ceremonies, incessant Indian music and Indian bird-cries; and the house itself, being a house full of English children being brought up "properly," resounds from morning till night with little delights and trivial catastrophes, and every five minutes there is a burst of piano "practice"—scales the whole length of the keyboard, snatches of Mozart and Schuman. Seldom have I known a film gain so much of its atmosphere from broken-up background music and clatter. And never have I seen Technicolor used with such genuine artistry and restraint. This is, in brief, a beautiful film and a rare experience even for those who, like myself, do not happen to be particularly fascinated by India's particular problems, spicy shores, or coral strand.

Particular problems abound in two of the other new films, though I have—not without a trifle of calculation—left myself no space in which to examine these problems. In "Cry, the Beloved Country"—another beautiful job of direction, this time by Zoltan Korda—the problem is that of relations between white and coloured races in and around Johannesburg. In that city itself a white man has been slain by a coloured

man, and the fathers of the two—who are near neighbours in the country—come together and discuss the matter, with sorrow and without rage. It is an extraordinarily dispassionate, subtly observed, and quietly well-acted film. It is a fine and tactful exposition of a permanent problem, though it does not—and cannot (at least, to my way of thinking)—offer any hint of a real solution. Lovely restrained playing by Canada Lee and Charles Carson as the fathers, Joyce Carey as the latter's sick and anguished wife, and Sidney Poitier as a young coloured priest keep the exposition utterly absorbing.

The crying problem in the other, "Los Olvidados," is that of juvenile delinquency. Complacent cinemagoers are likely to sit through this film, shuddering now and again when its horrors become a little too pointed, and reassuring themselves as they come away with a remark such as this: "But after all, this sort of thing can't happen here. That is Mexico City!" Such persons do not choose to read any Sunday paper that costs as little as twopence—do not, when they go to Glasgow, cross the river to the seamier portions of the South Side—and



"THE PROBLEM IS THAT OF RELATIONS BETWEEN WHITE AND COLOURED RACES IN AND AROUND JOHANNESBURG": "CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY" (BRITISH LION), A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING STEPHEN KUMALO (CANADA LEE), WHO HAS RETURNED TO NDOTSHENI FROM JOHANNESBURG PRAYING WITH HIS VILLAGERS FOR RAIN. THE FILM IS DIRECTED BY ZOLTAN KORDA.



"A BEAUTIFUL FILM AND A RARE EXPERIENCE": "THE RIVER" (UNITED ARTISTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH LITTLE BOGEY (RICHARD FOSTER) IS INTENTLY WATCHING A SNAKE-CHARMER IN AN INDIAN MARKET-PLACE—A PRELUDE TO HIS OWN EXPERIMENT WHICH ENDS IN TRAGEDY.

"The River" tells the story of a way of life as it was lived in Bengal, India, by a happy English family whose house was on the banks of the Ganges River. Our critic discusses this film in his article on this page and says: "Never have I seen Technicolor used with such genuine artistry and restraint."

scarcely choose, when they visit Cardiff or Newcastle or Liverpool, to traverse any street which is not central and fashionable and reasonably clean. To speak more plainly, juvenile delinquency abounds wherever poor people are huddled together in large towns. It is an inevitable consequence of a long war which has deprived families of their fathers or elder brothers.

This brilliantly made Mexican film, "Los Olvidados," has considerably less to offer in way of solution than even the South African film has. It suffers seriously, also, from over-emphasis, which the South African film commendably avoids. Its adults are as delinquent as its juveniles. The murdered boy's father is a maudlin drunkard. The old blind man who is robbed and beaten by the little human sewer-rats turns out himself to be a monster of lubricity. We are meant to feel indignant, but are taken a stage further and become merely nauseated. We turn our gaze away from the horrid spectacle, murmuring with Lady Macbeth: "Things without all remedy should be without regard."

Small wonder that to put these crying problems out of mind I went back to my first cinema and saw "The River" all through again. Birth—childhood—silly young love—married love—death—grief—consolation—joy in a new birth. So its cycle proceeds, and accompanying the cycle all the time—fainter but steadier than the various music, and the noises of nature and man—we hear the ripple of the great river, meandering timelessly.

THE ROYAL DANISH VISIT TO ENGLAND: TWO NOTABLE OCCASIONS.



ENTERING THE NEW DANISH CHURCH IN LONDON, ST. KATHARINE'S, REGENT'S PARK, FOR THE CONSECRATION SERVICE: KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK, FOLLOWED BY QUEEN INGRID.



AFTER ATTENDING THE CONSECRATION OF THE FIRST PERMANENT DANISH CHURCH IN LONDON FOR ABOUT EIGHTY YEARS: KING FREDERIK AND QUEEN INGRID AWAIT THEIR CAR



INSPECTING THE TROOPS AT THE DEPÔT OF HIS REGIMENT, THE BUFFS: KING FREDERIK WITH MAJOR R. H. TAYLOR, TO WHOM HE PRESENTED THE ORDER OF THE DANNEBROG.



IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE BUFFS, THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA AND THEIR DANISH BROTHERS-IN-ARMS: KING FREDERIK (ON RIGHT) AT THE UNVEILING OF A MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE WARRIORS' CHAPEL OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark arrived in London on May 8 on a private visit, and arranged to return to Denmark on May 14. On May 10 King Frederik, Colonel-in-Chief of The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment), unveiled the eastern window in the Warriors' Chapel of Canterbury Cathedral, which replaces the window, commemorating members of The Buffs who fell in the Crimean War, which was destroyed by enemy action during a raid on Canterbury in World War II. Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Dean, accepted the window on behalf of the Cathedral and dedicated it. The window commemorates "those

members of The Buffs, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, and their Danish brothers-in-arms who, in defence of their country, have laid down their lives." The Colonel of The Buffs, Major-General the Hon. Gerald Scarlett, also presented gifts of an altar in marble and stone, a cross and candlesticks in gold and crystal and an altar carpet. Later King Frederik inspected the Regimental depôt. On May 11 the King and Queen of Denmark attended the consecration by the Bishop of Copenhagen of the new Danish church in London, St. Katharine's, Regent's Park, which the Danish community now possess on a fifty-year Crown lease.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



BRIG.-GEN. FRANK DODD.

While commanding the United Nations prison camp on Kojado Island, in South Korea, he was seized on May 7 by Communist prisoners of war and held as a hostage, but was subsequently released by them on May 10 unharmed. He was flown to Seoul, where he was interviewed by General Van Fleet.



MR. JOHN S. MACLAY.

The resignation of Mr. John S. MacLay as Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation was announced on May 6. Mr. MacLay, who is forty-six, came to his decision after medical advice showed that his recovery would take some time. He was taken ill on April 24. He has been appointed a Privy Councillor.



GREETED BY MR. CHURCHILL AT 10, DOWNING STREET: DR. FIGL (LEFT), THE AUSTRIAN FEDERAL CHANCELLOR. Dr. Figl, the Austrian Federal Chancellor, arrived in London on May 7 for a three-day official visit before paying visits to the U.S. and France. The Chancellor was received by the Queen on May 8, and called on Mr. Churchill at 10, Downing Street; on May 9 Dr. and Mme. Figl were entertained to luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Churchill. In the evening a dinner was held in their honour at the Austrian Embassy.



MR. H. F. C. CROOKSHANK.

Has resigned his office as Minister of Health and been appointed Lord Privy Seal in place of the Marquess of Salisbury, who continues as Secretary of Commonwealth Relations. Mr. Crookshank will now be free to concentrate on his work as Leader of the House of Commons. He continues to be a member of the Cabinet.



MR. A. T. LENNOX-BOYD.

Has succeeded Mr. MacLay as Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation; for the last six months he has been Minister of State for Colonial Affairs. Mr. Lennox-Boyd, who is forty-seven, will be in charge of the Government's promised Bill to denationalise road haulage and to reorganise the railways.



MONSIEUR E. O. SORAVUO.

The newly-appointed Finnish Minister, H.E. Monsieur Ernst Ossian Soravuo, was received in audience by H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on May 6 when he presented his Letters of Credence. He was previously Finnish Minister in Buenos Aires, and has held diplomatic posts in Paris, Stockholm and Berlin.



SIR OSWALD BIRLEY.

The well-known portrait painter whose sitters included many Royal and distinguished persons, Sir Oswald Birley died on May 6, aged seventy-two. Vice-President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, he also exhibited at the Academy; and is represented in New Zealand and British galleries.



MR. I. N. MACLEOD.

Appointed Minister of Health to relieve Mr. Crookshank of his dual burden. An able thirty-eight-year-old back-bencher, he has a specialised knowledge of the social services and distinguished himself in the debates on the National Health Service Bill. He will not be a member of the Cabinet but becomes a Privy Councillor.



MR. H. L. d'A. HOPKINSON.

Has succeeded Mr. Lennox-Boyd as Minister of State for Colonial Affairs; he was previously Secretary for Overseas Trade. He becomes a Privy Councillor. In 1946 he resigned from the Diplomatic Service to enter politics and before his election for Taunton in 1950 was head of the Conservative Party's Parliamentary Secretariat.



CONFERRING AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN ATHENS: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (LEFT) WITH ADMIRAL CARNEY, U.S.N.

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Deputy Supreme Commander in Europe, arrived in Athens on May 7 for a four-day visit. While he was in Greece Lord Montgomery inspected Greek military installations and units and had a conference with Admiral Carney, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces, Southern Europe, who was touring northern Greece. Lord Montgomery went on to Ankara for a three-day visit.



THE C-IN-C. ALLIED LAND FORCES, CENTRAL EUROPE, VISITING SANDHURST: MARSHAL JUIN, WITH THE COMMANDANT, MAJOR-GENERAL D. DAWNEY. The announcement that the dignity of a Marshal of France had been conferred on General Alphonse Juin, Inspector-General of the French Armed Forces and C-in-C. Allied Land Forces in Central Europe, was made on May 7, during his four-day visit to England. He arrived on May 5, and his engagements included visits to the Royal Armoured Corps Centre, Bovington, to the Staff College, Camberley, and to the Royal Military Academy (Sandhurst).



OFF TO GIBRALTAR TO TAKE UP HIS APPOINTMENT AS GOVERNOR: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GORDON MACMILLAN, WITH LADY MACMILLAN.

Lieut.-General Sir Gordon Macmillan, the new Governor of Gibraltar, arrived there by air on May 9, accompanied by Lady Macmillan. On arrival he took the oath of office in the Legislative Council Chamber. Before taking up this new appointment, Sir Gordon Macmillan, who is fifty-five, had been G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command, and Governor of Edinburgh Castle since February 1949.



WITH ADMIRAL SIR RHODERICK MCGRIGOR: ADMIRAL FECHTELER, U.S. CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS.

Admiral Fechteler, U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, arrived in Washington on May 7 by air from London, and immediately made his report to the Joint Chiefs of Staff on the London consultations with regard to a unified naval command for the Mediterranean. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, First Sea Lord, who took part in the discussions, is shown with him at London Airport.



DR. MARIA MONTESSORI.

Died in Holland on May 6, aged eighty-one. An Italian, she was for many years an important influence on the trend of educational practice and her kindergarten system of education, founded in Italy in 1908, subsequently gained favour in many parts of the world. The first woman to secure a medical degree from the University of Rome, her early work was with mentally defective children. She was the author of a number of books, which were translated into many languages.



RECEIVING THE BOYD TROPHY FROM VICE-ADMIRAL C. E. LAMBE: LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. A. MCCOLGAN, R.N.

The Boyd Trophy, awarded annually for the most meritorious feat of Naval aviation during the preceding year, was presented on May 7 by Vice-Admiral C. E. Lambe, Flag Officer Air (Home), to 814 Squadron, for its outstanding contribution to night flying during the eighteen months ended December, 1951. It was received by Lieut.-Commander J. A. McColgan, R.N., at present, commanding the Squadron.

AUSTRALIA'S POSSIBLE ATOMIC TEST SITES.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN SELECTED AS THE SITE FOR THE BRITISH-AUSTRALIAN ATOMIC TESTS: AN AIR VIEW OF THE MONTE BELLO ISLANDS.



A LAGOON ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE MONTE BELLO GROUP: THESE AND THE ADJACENT BARROW ISLAND HAVE BEEN GAZETTED AS PROHIBITED AREAS.



SHOWING THE LIMESTONE ROCK FORMATIONS WHICH FRINGE THE LAGOON: A VIEW OF AN ISLAND IN THE MONTE BELLO GROUP OFF THE COAST OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The Monte Bello Islands and the adjacent Barrow Island, some eighty miles north of Onslow, off the north-west coast of Western Australia; and Rowley Shoals, 200 miles to the north, together with territorial waters thereabout, have been proclaimed as "prohibited areas for testing war material." The area of the prohibited zone is some 5000 sq. miles. No one may land, and anyone flying within forty miles of the zone is liable to severe penalties. It is believed that these islands have been selected as the site for the forthcoming atomic tests by the United Kingdom and Australian Governments. The tank-landing ships *Zeebrugge* and *Narvik*, carrying equipment for these tests, arrived at Fremantle on April 16 and were due to leave for a secret destination on April 21. The Monte Bello Islands are barren and uninhabited, but have been used in the past as a base for Japanese pearlers.

THE NEW KIRKUK-BANIAS OIL PIPELINE.

The construction of the Iraq Petroleum Company's great 556-mile-long trans-desert pipeline from Kirkuk, North Iraq, to Banias, Syria, was completed on April 22, and one of the largest diameter pipeline schemes ever undertaken was successfully carried out six months ahead of schedule. The work was begun in November, 1950, and first shipments of Kirkuk crude oil from the terminal began on April 11. These shipments were made possible before the entire new line had been completed by connecting existing Haifa 12- and 16-in. lines (in disuse because of the Israel-Arab conflict) at a pump station 130 miles south-west of Banias. The first consignment for Britain was carried in the tanker *Barren Hill* to Fawley Refinery. The pipeline will eventually convey from Banias 14,000,000 tons of crude oil a year to the Mediterranean, by means of new powerful pumping installations now under construction.



THE RECENTLY COMPLETED OIL PIPELINE FROM KIRKUK TO BANIAS, SYRIA: THE TERMINAL OF THE PIPELINE, SHOWING HOW IT ENTERS THE MEDITERRANEAN.



THE NEW OIL PIPELINE FROM KIRKUK TO BANIAS IN OPERATION: HAULING THE FIRST SEA-LINE ABOARD THE TANKER *BARREN HILL*.



A GREAT ENGINEERING WORK SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED: TECHNICIANS RESPONSIBLE FOR LAYING THE GREAT TRANS-DESERT 30-IN. PIPELINE SHAKE HANDS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

FICTION, as I have said before, is an elastic term. However, "Madeleine Grown Up," by Mrs. Robert Henrey (Dent; 15s.), is a true story, and it is advertised as such. So were her other books in the same vein. Why, then, the ambiguity which still surrounds them? Why are they obstinately sought as fiction by so many readers? For in fact they are, and really it is no mistake. This writer has a special gift: she can impart the quality of fiction to the stuff of experience.

Her new book has a Cinderella-theme. The curtain rises on a little room in Soho, where she is living with her mother and the cat. It is a scene of cosy squalor and romantic hardship, a nest of female industry—and as it were a springboard for the conquest of life. And she is just about to plunge. She is beginning as a manicurist at the Savoy Hotel.

This is indeed the superworld of her imagination; this is what life should be—what she intends her own to be. It is a revelation of success and glamour. It is a banquet of dramatic interest—though to young Madeleine, with her creative urge and personal ebullience, all men and women everywhere are dramas in their own right. Page-boy or millionaire—or Bond Street lovely or Italian cook—each has its world and turn. London itself is a colossal theatre, in which a million plays are acting at the same time. But the Savoy presents the transformation scene. Madeleine basks in its enchanted glow. Her petals open with a rush; her prospects soar. Indeed, her first embarrassment is an excess of triumph. Is she to plump for Hollywood and fame, or take a chance on love? Does Robert want her for his wife, or is their lyric happiness a flash in the pan? When that is solved, the lure of stardom is rejected—with a private sigh. But she is not yet home. The Demon King must have his innings; in her mother's view, he writes the whole play. So, while her joy in life is at the flood, her strength collapses. She is very ill, and tries most desperately to live as usual, and forbodes the worst. The stroke of midnight is at hand; all her deceiving splendours will be rats again. . . . At last she pours out everything to Robert. He sends her to the Pyrenees; and when she comes back well, Robert is waiting at Victoria.

This has the outline of a plot, but it is really much more of a pageant. It is thronged with figures: the other girls at the Savoy, the pages, the commissionaire, the transient celebrities, the Soho neighbours, and at last the sick—each with a background of his own, a pocket history, and an approach to life. It is a sad procession on the whole; indeed, the theme, with all its rapturous delight in living, has a rather dark ground. What strikes one most, however, is the femininity. This writer is professionally feminine. She values all success, but her ideal and passion is success in womanhood. And she regards it as a job of work. Which may sound trite—but for whatever reason, the effect is singular.

In "Take the Cash," by Elinor Rice (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), we have a gayer portrait of success. This time it is the finished article, and the supreme achievement. Higher than Adam Farway nobody can climb. He is a self-made man, indeed, a foundling brought up in an orphanage, and he is astronomically rich. And Faith is equally successful as a woman, for she married him. Moreover, she has kept her looks; keeping them is her sole activity and passion. And she has kept her husband's love. After a good long time he found her somewhat lacking in variety; but he has cured this "by external application," and would hate to change. While Faith has no suspicion of his wanderings, because she never gives him a thought. Briefly, they are a well-matched pair; and Faith has stocked the mammoth nursery with twins, perfectly matched, of different sexes and decided charm. Adam would have liked his children to be orphans, for a better start; but that is impossible, of course. Still, they enjoy some blessings of an "institution." For his vast estate, though reasonably near Detroit, is really out of this world; it has a dream-like isolation and autonomy. The twins grow up on it like super-foundlings. . . .

And finally they break away. But it is not their book; it is a desultory, comic saga of the Golden Touch. Adam and Faith, like their ridiculous and stately home, are out of this world, and therefore everything they do is nonsense. But endearing nonsense. Adam especially is extremely likeable, and admirably funny. It is a nice book—without a dull or depressing moment.

"Monsieur Petit," by Alice Guldbrandsen (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), revives the ever-fascinating Bluebeard theme. This time, the monster is revealed in episodes, from different points of view—that of the jealous child, the guardian sister, the adoring dupe, the girlish, innocent avenger. He is revealed off duty in his home, as a domestic idol. And at the end he is tracked down. Fleure, so devout and timid, is the thread of unity. For she has always known; she was a witness of his first exploit, and she pursues in terror.

The scheme is dexterously varied, and profuse in drama. But I am not so sure about the "problem." How, we are asked to wonder, is it done? Why were these women so co-operative? Clearly, the answer is that they were plain and insignificant, and getting on, and they were offered marriage. Anyone could, in fact, have done it. And so the charmer's size, virility and beauty are a waste of gifts.

"London Particular," by Christianna Brand (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), brings murder right into the home. It is a doctor's home in Maida Vale. Rosie, his blithe and lovely little sister, is a born tart, but he persists in thinking her a cherub. She has been "finished" in Geneva in a big way, and comes back in a peck of trouble, and confides in everyone—always a different story, and all true. And then Raoul Vernet flies from Switzerland to "have a talk" about her. It is a night of fog, and for a little while he is alone in the room. And someone promptly knocks him on the head.

In short, a family affair. And what is more remarkable, a thing of horror. Fictional suspects as a class are strangely off-hand—it is as though they knew the part. But Rosie's family are in a real nightmare. And so the whole thing is exceptional and gripping, and profoundly uncomfortable.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT is rare for a drawn game to win a brilliancy prize, and even more unusual for a British player to gain such an award in an international tournament of such outstanding strength as the recent meet at Budapest. Harold Golombek, twice British champion, is therefore doubly to be congratulated on this spectacular twenty-two-move effort against the brilliant young Russian who finished second.

NIMZO-INDIAN DEFENCE TO QUEEN'S PAWN.

GELLER	GOLOMBK	GELLER	GOLOMBK
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	4. P-K3	P-B4
2. P-QB4	P-K3	5. P-QR3	P×P
3. Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	6. P×B	P×Kt

The manœuvre initiated by Black's fifth move is usually considered inadvisable, the normal answer to White's 5. P-QR3 being 5. . . . B×Kt and the "second string," 5. . . . B-K2. After the natural continuation now 7. P×P, White has not only secured bishop for knight, but (in contrast to the positions arising from the simpler 5. . . . B×Kt; 6. P×B), (a) has been presented with an open file for his queen's rook and (b) is left with two pawns advanced to his fourth rank, whereas Black has none. Undoubtedly Golombek had had a good look at the position in advance, and convinced himself that there exist resources for Black insufficiently appreciated hitherto. Geller postpones our initiation into these resources by rejecting the natural positional move altogether, and, sacrificing a pawn for development, makes the game a really wild one.

When behind in development, as Golombek is here (only one of his pieces is effectively placed, whereas only one of White's is not!), it is elementary strategy not to open up the game. This 8. . . . P-Q4 therefore represents a very bold decision. It is based, no doubt, on the positional consideration that if not moved at once, the queen's pawn may be held back for ever and on the combinative calculation that after 9. B×Kt, Q×B; 10. P×P, Black can become objectionable with 10. . . . Q-B6ch.

9. P-B5 P-QKt3 11. B×Beh Kt×B
10. B-Kt5ch B-Q2
11. . . . Q×B? 12. P×P would be fatal; Black cannot recapture. After 11. . . . QKt×B, on the other hand, 12. P-B6 would be most uncomfortable.

12. Q-B2 Kt-QB3! 14. Q-Kt1
13. B×P Kt×KtP
To answer . . . R-KKt, eventually, by Q×RP.

15. P-B6 14. R-KKt 16. Q×RP Kt-B3!!
The only possible alternative, 16. . . . R×B, would have involved Black in a back-to-the-wall end-game with a knight and a pawn for a rook.

17. B×Kt Q×B 18. Q×Rch
White cannot turn back; 18. R-QB1, R×P would leave him unable to check, and threatened with 19. . . . Q×Kt.

Note that to reply 18. . . . K-K2? now would lose: White saves queen and rook by 19. Q-Kt5.

18. K-Q2 19. Kt-K5ch
If 19. Q×R, Q×Rch; 20. K-K2 and Black has the choice between trying for a win by 20. . . . Q×R and forcing a draw by 20. . . . Q-R3ch. White's 19. Kt-K5ch is a desperate attempt by White to avoid the perpetual check now inevitable.

20. Q×R 19. Kt×Kt 21. P×Kt
Kt-B6ch!
21. K-K2, Q-Kt7ch; 22. K×Kt, Q-B3ch;
23. K-K2, Q-Kt7ch—perpetual check is inescapable.

21. Q×Rch 22. K-K2 Q-Kt7ch
Without wasting time on another move, Geller agreed the draw. Readers may enjoy verifying White's inability to avoid the checks—and then going back to move fifteen and imagining the insight necessary to visualise this fact from there.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A COLLECTION FOR THE ART LOVER.

THE recent fine weather has brought out the trees, the early summer flowers, hay fever in those who suffer from it, and a crop of excellent books on art. To begin with the less expensive (but not by any means the less attractive), let us start with "Francisco de Goya," by José López-Rey (Longmans; 10s. 6d.); and "Goya," in the Faber Gallery, with an introduction and notes by Rodrigo Moynihan (9s. 6d.). The former is the fuller, both from the point of view of the text and for the number of its illustrations, the latter the more attractive, both in the writing and in the standard of reproduction. I suggest, however, that anyone who takes an interest in the great Spanish painter would do well to purchase both. Professor López-Rey, who up to 1939 was the Professor of Italian Art at the University of Madrid, and who now is a Lecturer on Fine Arts at the University of New York, is a recognised authority on Goya. Professor Moynihan, who, as his Christian name implies, is half-Spanish, has, like Señor López-Rey, a wholly Spanish feeling for his demi-countrymen. There are certain differences of opinion between the two authors which will prove of interest both to the historian and the art lover. While, for example, Professor López-Rey tends, I think, to come down, for all his professed impartiality, on the side of those who take the view that the Duchess of Alba was the sitter for the two famous paintings in the Prado, "The Maja Clothed" and "The Maja Nude," Professor Moynihan writes: "There is simply no evidence to support the popular belief that the sitter was the Duchess of Alba. In fact, there is every reason to think she was physically unlike the model, who was in all probability what the title of the painting describes her: a *maja*." A *maja* was a brazen and gaudy woman of the Spanish lower classes, and although many upper-class Spanish women affected, from time to time, the "*maja's*" costume, one inclines to the view that Goya's "*maja*" and the Duchess were separated by the gulf between the aristocracy and the proletariat.

Of the two excellent studies, I think I prefer Professor Moynihan's treatment. This consists of an introduction and a lengthy text opposite each plate. The necessity, in Professor López-Rey's book, of turning from the text to the plates at the end to which it refers, interrupts the flow of an interesting narrative.

One of Goya's great contributions to Spanish art is that his observation developed that directness of vision and feeling for the essential that freed him from eighteenth-century artifice. "Gainsborough," the subject of another illustrated document in the Faber Gallery (published this time at 8s. 6d.), with an introduction and notes on the plates by Mr. Basil Taylor, like so many of the painters who came from the Eastern Counties, had a natural vision of the English landscape. His view of art would thus have clashed with that of Dr. Johnson, who said that "the knowledge of external nature and the science which that knowledge requires are not the great and frequent business of the human mind." Gainsborough, the son of a Suffolk woollen manufacturer, was a student of nature and a devotee of natural likeness. For he remained at heart a countryman, so that the "man of an eager and irritable mind" when he went on a country tour felt at home with the landscape and those who lived in it. The greatest of English portrait painters, unless you except Reynolds, was, alas! the forerunner of a *genre* which degenerated in the hands of his nineteenth-century successors. This finely reproduced booklet has put thoughts of larceny in my mind. I should like to steal the exquisite Mrs. Graham from the National Gallery of Scotland, and the solid, four-square, humorous scarlet-waistcoated Viscount Kilmorey from London's National Gallery.

Impressionists, now so accepted and respectable as almost to be losing their value among the better-informed big business men, represented an attack on everything which the age of Ruskin, which grew out of the age of Gainsborough, regarded as sacred. To us, the fact that conservative Victorian artists regarded the works of the French Impressionists—as Mr. Clive Bell says in his "French Impressionists" (Phaidon; 25s.)—as "the ravings of madmen or worse," merely seems a little quaint. In this attractively reproduced volume the distinguished art critic deals with their productions largely between the years 1872 and 1882—what he calls the "formative and golden decade." He points out that in theory "the impressionist doctrine boils down to this—sensational truth is the only proper study of artists. That, of course, is nonsense, like all exclusive doctrines." But Mr. Bell goes on to explain the impressionists and their works with a clarity and wit which are refreshing.

In the same way, in a few years' time, Mr. Stanley Spencer will pass from being an *enfant terrible* to being an accepted old master. Messrs. Faber have again done well by producing in their Gallery "Stanley Spencer—Resurrection Pictures (1945-50)," with the artist's own notes and an introduction by R. H. Wilenski himself, the able general editor of this Series (9s. 6d.). Mr. Spencer's description of each plate is as interesting as his deep religious beliefs, which inform his works, are revealing. Another distinguished art critic, Mr. T. W. Earp, contributes an introduction to "Van Gogh" (Faber Gallery; 8s. 6d.)—notes by Philip James—in which

familiar ground is covered in a new and unfamiliar way. "Howard Hinton—Patron of Art," a memorial volume by various hands (Angus and Robertson; 42s.), is an illustrated description of the many benefactions to the Armidale Teachers' College and the National Gallery of New South Wales by Australia's foremost patron of art. The late Howard Hinton made it his life work to place in the college pictures that would "illustrate comprehensively the development of Australian art." The result is interesting but not wholly impressive. If this is the best of Australian art, then I fear that, Imperialist as I am, I cannot place it higher than the Royal Academy in a moderate year.

I have no space to do more than recommend the beautiful successor to "Picture Collection of the Ten Bamboo Hall," the second great work of Chinese colour printing, "The Painting Manual of the 'Mustard Seed Garden'" (Allen and Unwin; 21s.). The exquisite reproductions of this seventeenth-century work make me wish that I was more of an authority on Chinese art.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

THE IMAGE OF WAR: AMPHIBIOUS AND CLIFF ASSAULTS DEMONSTRATED WITH REALISM.



DEMONSTRATING THE METHODS OF SCALING CLIFFS ON AN ENEMY-HELD COAST: ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS FIRING ROPES, WITH GRAPNELS ATTACHED, BY MEANS OF ROCKETS TO THE CLIFF-TOP AT CULVER CLIFF, ISLE OF WIGHT.



ESTABLISHING A BEACH SIGNAL STATION DURING THE AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT ON THE BEACHES AT EASTNEY, SOUTHSEA: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A LIAISON OFFICER BEING LOWERED FROM A HELICOPTER WHILE SIGNALLERS SET UP THEIR APPARATUS.



LEADING THE WAY ASHORE ACROSS AN ENEMY MINEFIELD: A FLAIL TANK THRESHING THE SHINGLE DURING THE DEMONSTRATION AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT ON THE BEACHES AT EASTNEY, IN WHICH ALL THREE SERVICES WERE REPRESENTED.

On May 8 and the two days following, demonstrations were given at Southsea and on the Isle of Wight of the methods employed in amphibious and cliff assaults. The demonstrations were arranged for students of the Navy, Army and Air Force Staff Colleges and other officers of the three Services. The amphibious assault on the beaches at Eastney, Southsea, demonstrated the complete technique of beach landings from reconnaissance to the landing of armoured vehicles, including *Centurion*, *Churchill* and *Sherman* tanks, and the cliff assault at Culver Cliff, near



SHOWING HOW SUPPLIES CAN BE TRANSPORTED TO THE CLIFF-TOP IN BULK: ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS WITH A CABLE "RAILWAY" SET UP AT CULVER CLIFF DURING THE DEMONSTRATION OF CLIFF ASSAULT PROCEDURE.



THE SPEARHEAD OF THE ATTACK: ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS SCALING AN 80-FT. CLIFF IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT AND USING ICE-AXES TO SECURE FOOTHOLDS, WHILE OTHERS PROVIDE COVERING FIRE.

Sandown, by a detachment from the Commando School, Royal Marines, showed the various methods used to get not only men but also their equipment and other stores to the cliff-top. All three Services were represented in the amphibious assault, and forces taking part included a troop of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, who recently returned to the United Kingdom after service in Korea, and the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment. The landings of troops and Marines were controlled from the landing-ship headquarters, H.M.S. *Meon*.



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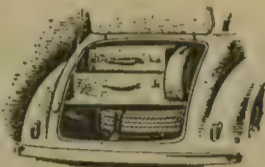
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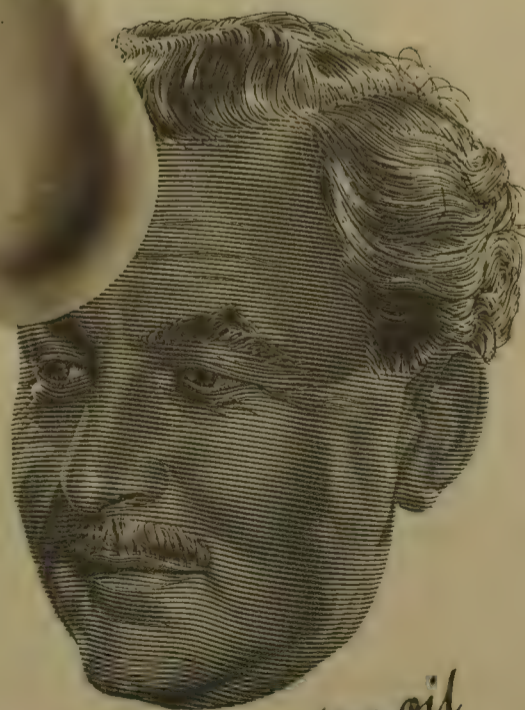
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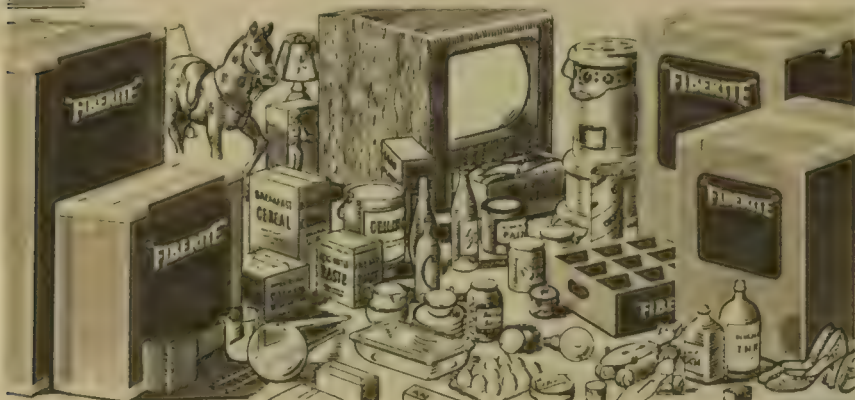
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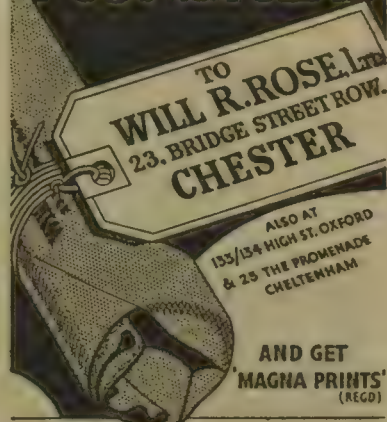
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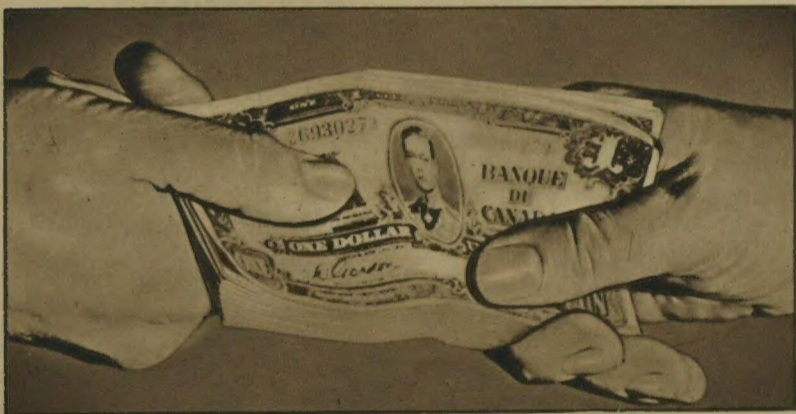
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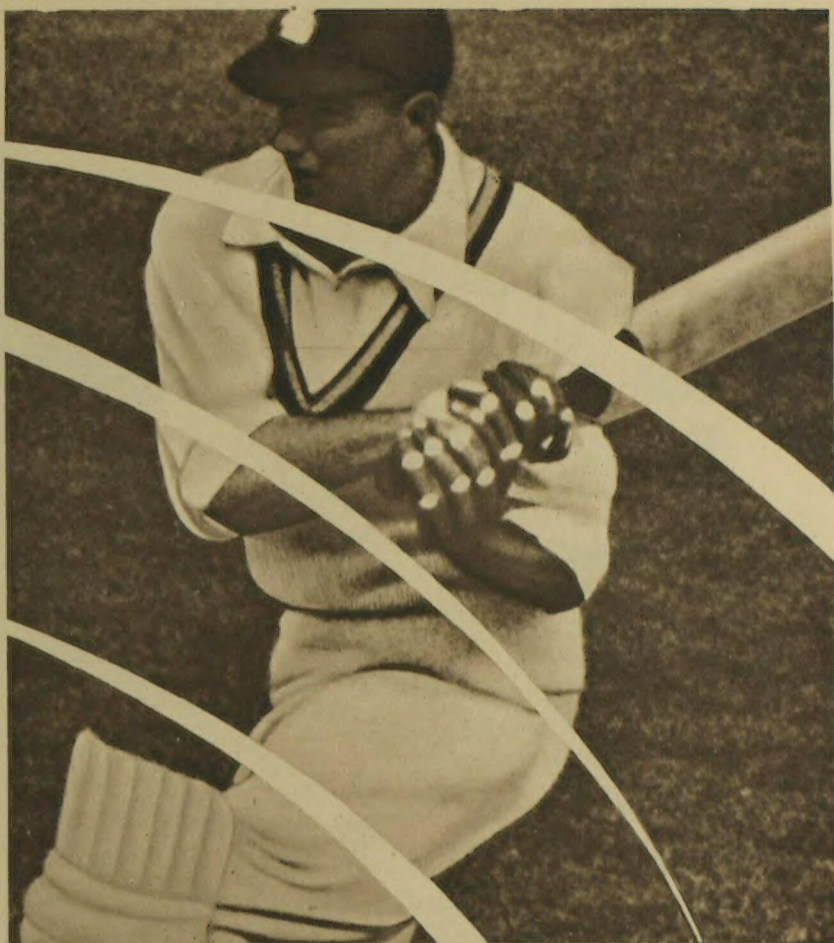
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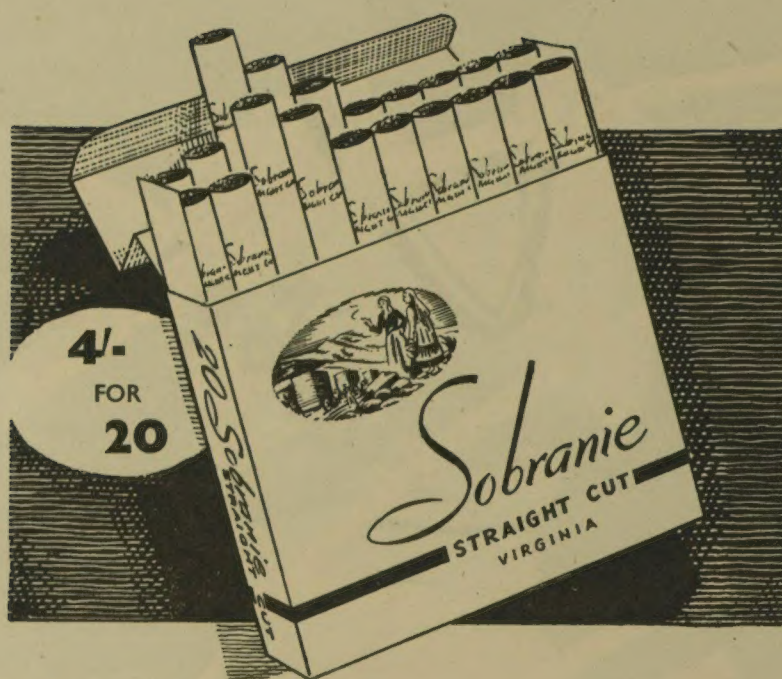
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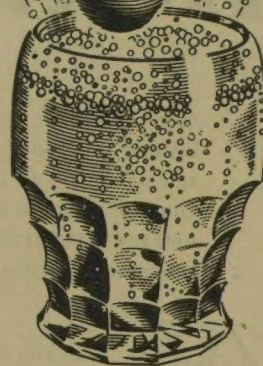
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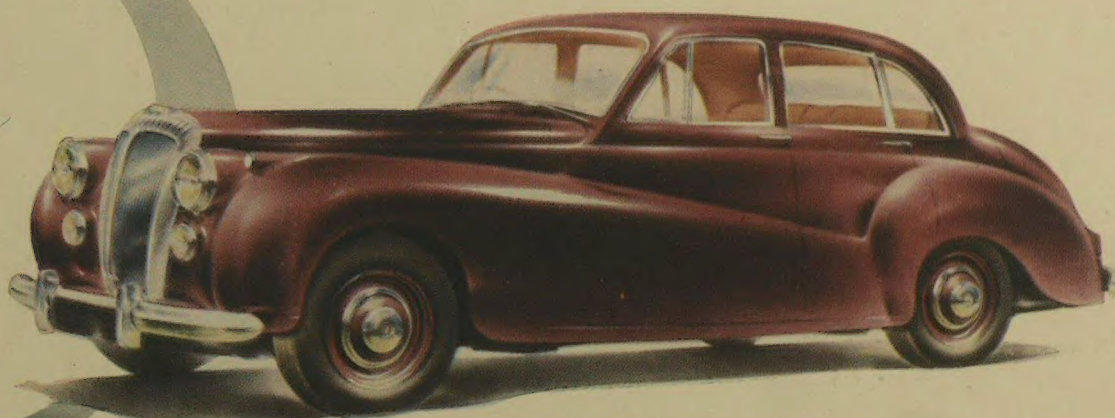
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